Big Island
Bay side
sabbath school

Miss Senora
Goodwood

CANADIAN SABBATH-SCHOOL HYMN BOOK.

COMPILED FROM VARIOUS SOURCES, BY

ANSON GREEN, D.D.

"Singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord."

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PREFACE.

Desirous of providing a suitable Connexional Sabbath-school Hymn Book, principally for the use of Wesleyan Institutions in Canada, the Book Committee have authorized the publication of the following Collection of Sacred Poems, designed to assist in Devotional Exercises either in the Sunday-school or the social circle. Guided by catholicity of spirit, those upon whom has devolved the pleasurable duty of selection, have not been restrained by any denominational tendency, but wherever religious sentiment and poetry have been found, the productions of sanctified genius have been joyfully united, regardless of names or forms. The compiler is, therefore, not without hope he may have been assisting the labours of evangelical organizations, engaged in the culture of youthful minds, who may use this collection of Sacred Hymns; they being free from controversial or doubtful theology. The blessing of the undivided and Holy Trinity is devoutly implored to rest upon this unpretending offering.

ENOCH WOOD,
President of the Conference.

TORONTO, April, 1854.

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HYMNS.

SECTION I.

PERFECTIONS AND PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

C. M. 1 WESLEY.

1 O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise!
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace.

2 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

3 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood avail'd for *me*.

4 He speaks,—and listening to his voice,
New life the dead receive;

The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.

5 Look unto him, ye nations; own
Your God, ye fallen race;
Look, and be saved through faith alone,
Be justified by grace.

C. M. 2 WATTS.

1 I SING th' Almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise;
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies!

2 I sing the wisdom that ordain'd
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.

3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That fill'd the earth with food;
He form'd the creatures with his word,
And then pronounced them "good."

4 Lord, how thy wonders are display'd,
Where'er I turn my eye!
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky!

5 Creatures (as numerous as they be)
Are subject to thy care;
There's not a place where we can flee,
But God is present there.

6 His hand is my perpetual guard;
He keeps me with his eye:
Why should I then forget the Lord,
Who is for ever nigh!

L. M. 3 ADDISON.

1 THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

2 Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display;
And publishes to every land,
The work of an Almighty hand.

3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly, to the list'ning earth,
Repeats the story of her birth.

4 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,

Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

5 What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice or sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found:

6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

L. M. 4 DODDRIDGE.

1 GOD is a Spirit none can see,
He ever was, and e'er shall be;
Present where'er his creatures dwell
Through earth and sea, through heaven and hell.

2 His eyes, with infinite survey,
View all the realms in full display;
What has been, is, or shall be done,
Or here or there, to Him is known.

3 The bounty of his gracious hands,
Wide as the world he made extends,

And though himself completely bless'd,
With pity looks on the distress'd.

4 All that is glorious, good. and great,
Does in the Lord Jehovah meet;
Then to his name be glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

8's and 7's 5 WESLEY.

1 HAPPY child whom God doth aid!
God our souls and bodies made;
God on us, in gracious showers,
Blessings every moment pours:
Compasses with angel bands,
Bids them bear us in their hands:
Parents, friends, 'twas God bestowed;
Life and all descend from God.

2 He this flowery carpet spread,
Made the earth on which we tread;
God refreshes in the air,
Covers with the clothes we wear;
Feeds us with the food we eat,
Cheers us by his light and heat,
Makes his sun on us to shine;
All our blessings are divine.

3 Man we for his kindness love,
How much more our God above?
Give him then, and ever give,
Thanks for all that we receive;
Worthy thou, our heavenly Lord,
To be honour'd and adored;
God of all-creating grace,
Take the everlasting praise.

C. M. 6 ADDISON

1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost,
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redress'd,
When I, a helpless infant, hung
Upon my mother's breast.

3 To all my weak complaints and cries,
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd
To form themselves in prayer.

4 Unnumber'd comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,

Before my infant heart conceived,
From whom those comforts flow'd.

5 When in the slippery paths of youth,
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

6 Through hidden dangers, toils and deaths,
It gently clear'd my way;
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

7 Through all eternity, to thee
A grateful song I'll raise;
But O, eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise!

C. M. 7 WATTS.

1 HOW glorious is our heavenly King,
Who reigns above the sky!
How shall a child presume to sing
His dreadful Majesty?

2 How great his power is, none can tell,
Nor think how large his grace;
Not men below, nor saints that dwell
On high before his face.

3 Not angels that stand round the Lord
Can search his secret will;
But they perform his heavenly word,
And sing his praises still.

4 Then let me join this holy train,
And my first offerings bring;
The eternal God will not disdain
To hear an infant sing.

5 My heart resolves, my tongue obeys,
And angels shall rejoice
To hear their mighty Maker's praise
Sound from a feeble voice.

WATTS.

L. M. 8

1 ETERNAL Power, whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God,
Infinite lengths beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds.

2 Thee, while the first archangel sings,
He hides his face behind his wings:
And ranks of shining thrones around
Fall worshipping, and spread the ground.

3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?
We would adore our Maker too!

From sin and dust to Thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High!

4 Earth from afar hath heard thy fame,
And worms have learn'd to lisp thy name:
But O! the glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.

5 God is in heaven, and men below;
Be short our tunes, our words be few!
A solemn reverence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

8's and 7's. 9 ROBINSON.

1 MIGHTY God, while angels bless thee,
May an infant lisp thy name?
Lord of men as well as angels,
Thou art every creature's theme.
Hallelujah, Hallelujah. Amen.

2 Lord of every land and nation,
Ancient of eternal days,
Sounds through all the wide creation,
Be thy just and lawful praise.

3 For thy providence that governs,
Through thine empire's wide domain,

Wings an angel, guides a sparrow;
Blessed be thy gentle reign!

4 But thy rich and free redemption,
Dark through brightness all along!
Thought is poor, and poor expression;
Who dares sing that awful song.

5 Brightness of thy Father's glory,
Shall thy praise unutter'd lie?
Flee my tongue such guilty silence,
Sing the Lord who came to die!

6 Did archangels sing thy coming?
Did the shepherds learn their lays?
Shame would cover me, ungrateful,
Should my tongue refuse thy praise.

7 From the highest throne of glory,
To the cross of deepest woe!
For such love to guilty captives,
May the praise forever flow!

WESLEY

10

7s.

1 GOD is goodness, wisdom, power,
Love him, praise him evermore;
Let us strive, and never cease,
Him in everything to please.

2 Born for this intent we are,
Our Creator to declare,
God to love, and serve and praise,
God to hónour all our days.

3 Lift we then our hearts to God,
Like the Church above employed;
Day and night the angels sing
Praises to their heavenly King.

4 Him that sitteth on the throne,
Him that died for men t' atone,
God and the triumphant Lamb,
They eternally proclaim:

5 Holy, holy, holy, Lord,
Like by heaven and earth adored,
Fill'd with thee, let all things cry,
Glory be to God Most High.

C. M. 11 WATTS

1 WHENE'ER I take my walks abroad,
How many poor I see!
What shall I render to my God,
For all his gifts to me!

2 Not more than others I deserve,
Yet God hath given me more;

For I have food while others starve,
Or beg from door to door.

3 How many children in the street
Half naked I behold;
While I am clothed from head to feet,
And cover'd from the cold.

4 While some poor wretches scarce can tell
Where they may lay their head,
I have a home wherein to dwell,
And rest upon my bed.

5 While others early learn to swear,
And curse, and lie, and steal:
Lord, I am taught thy name to fear,
And do thy holy will.

6 Are these thy favours, day by day,
To me above the rest?
Then let me love thee more than they,
And strive to serve thee best.

C. M. 12 MONTGOMERY.

1 GOD in the high and holy place,
Looks down upon the spheres;
Yet in his providence and grace,
To every eye appears.

2 In every stream his bounty flows,
  Diffusing joy and wealth;
In every breeze his Spirit blows,
  The breath of life and health.

3 His blessings fall in plenteous showers,
  Upon the lap of earth,
That teems with foliage, fruit, and flowers,
  And rings with infant mirth.

4 If God hath made this world so fair,
  Where sin and death abound;
How beautiful beyond compare,
  Will paradise be found.

C. M. 13 WESLEY.

1 HAIL! Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
  One God in persons three:
Of thee we make our joyful boast,
  Our songs we make of thee.

2 Thou neither canst be felt nor seen:
  Thou art a spirit pure,
Who from eternity hast been,
  And always shall endure.

3 In wisdom infinite thou art,
  Thine eye doth all things see,

And every thought of every heart,
Is fully known to thee.

4 Whate'er thou wilt thou dost below,
And in the world above;
But chiefly we rejoice to know
Th' Almighty God is love.

5 Mercy and love, and endless grace,
O'er all thy works do reign:
But mostly thou delight'st to bless
Thy favourite creature—man.

6 Wherefore let every creature give
To thee the praise design'd;
But chiefly, Lord, the thanks receive,
The hearts of all mankind.

WATTS.

C. M. 14

1 ETERNAL Wisdom, thee we praise,
Thee the creation sings:
With thy loved name, rocks, hills, and seas,
And heaven's high palace rings.

2 Thy hand, how wide it spreads the sky!
How glorious to behold!
Tinged with a blue of heavenly dye,
And starred with sparkling gold.

3 Thy glories blaze all nature round,
And strike the wond'ring sight,
Through skies, and seas, and solid ground,
With terror and delight.

4 Infinite strength and equal skill,
Shine through the world abroad,
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder God.

5 But the mild glories of thy grace,
Our softer passions move;
Pity divine in Jesus' face,
We see, adore and love.

C. M. **15** WATTS.

1 FATHER, how wide thy glory shines!
How high thy wonders rise!
Known through the earth by thousand signs,
By thousands through the skies.

2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power;
Their motions speak thy skill;
And on the wings of every hour,
We read thy patience still.

3 Part of thy name divinely stands,
On all thy creatures writ;

They show the labour of thy hands,
Or impress of thy feet.

4 But when we view thy strange design,
To save rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compassion join,
In their divinest forms;

5 Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice or the grace.

6 Now the full glories of the Lamb,
Adorn the heavenly plains;
Bright cherubs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.

7 O may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song!
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

C. M 16 WATTS.

1 LET every tongue thy goodness speak,
Thou sovereign Lord of all;
Thy strengthening hands uphold the weak,
And raise the poor that fall.

2 When sorrow bows the spirit down,
Or virtue lies distress'd,
Beneath the proud oppressor's frown
Thou giv'st the mourner rest.

3 The Lord supports our infant days,
And guides our giddy youth;
Holy and just are all thy ways,
And all thy words are truth.

4 Thou know'st the pains thy servants feel,
Thou hear'st thy children cry;
And their best wishes to fulfil,
Thy grace is ever nigh.

5 Thy mercy never shall remove
From men of heart sincere;
Thou sav'st the soul whose humble love
Is joined with holy fear.

6 My lips shall dwell upon thy praise,
And spread thy fame abroad:
Let all the sons of Adam raise
The honours of their God!

C. M. 17 WATTS.

1 MY Shepherd will supply my need
Jehovah is his name;

In pastures fresh he makes me feed
Beside the living stream.

2 He brings my wandering spirit back,
When I forsake his ways:
And leads me for his mercy's sake,
In paths of truth and grace.

3 When I walk through the shades of death,
Thy presence is my stay;
A word of thy supporting breath,
Drives all my fears away.

4 Thy hand in spite of all my foes,
Doth still my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
Thine oil anoints my head.

5 The sure provisions of my God,
Attend me all my days;
O may thy house be mine abode,
And all my work be praise.

S. M. 18 WATTS.

1 ALMIGHTY Maker, God,
How wondrous is thy name!
Thy glories how diffused abroad,
Through the creation's frame!

2 Nature in every dress,
Her humble homage pays,
And finds a thousand ways t' express
Thine undissembled praise.

3 My soul would rise and sing
To her Creator too;
Fain would my tongue adore my King,
And pay the worship due.

4 Let joy and worship spend
The remnant of my days;
And to my God my soul ascend,
In sweet perfumes of praise.

L. M. 19 WATTS.

1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create and he destroy.

2 His sov'reign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men:
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;

And earth with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

4 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

Ps. 20 WATTS.

1 POOR and needy though I be,
God my Maker cares for me;
Gives me clothing, shelter, food,
Gives me all I have of good.

2 He will listen when I pray,
He is with me night and day,
When I sleep, and when I wake,
Keeps me safe for Jesus' sake.

3 He who reigns above the sky,
Once became as poor as I:
He whose blood for me was shed,
Had not where to lay his head.

4 Though I labour here awhile,
He will bless me with his smile:
And when this short life is past,
I shall rest with him at last.

SECTION II.

THE SCRIPTURES.

C. M. 21 STEELE.

1 FATHER of mercies in thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want,
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast,
Sublimer sweets than nature knows,
Invite the longing taste.

4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys,
Attend the blissful sound.

5 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;

And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light!

6 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou forever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

C. M. 22 RIPPON.

1 HOW precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts
In this dark vale of tears,
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

3 This lamp through all the tedious night
Of life shall guide our way;
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

6's and 7's. 23 WESLEY.

1 O THAT I, like Timothy,
Might the Holy Scriptures know,

From mine early infancy,
Till for God mature I grow!
Made unto salvation wise!
Ready for the glorious prize.

2 Jesus, all-redeeming Lord,
Full of truth, and full of grace,
Make me understand thy word;
Teach me in my youthful days
Wonders in thy word to see,
Wise through faith which is in thee.

3 Open thou mine eyes of faith;
Open now the Book of God;
Show me here the sacred path
Leading to thy bless'd abode;
Wisdom from above impart,
Speak the meaning to my heart.

L. M. **24** TAYLOR.

1 THIS is a precious book indeed!
Happy the child who loves to read!
'Tis God's own word which he has given
To show our souls the way to heaven!

2 It tells us how the world was made,
And how good men the Lord obey'd;

Here his commands are written too,
To teach us what we ought to do.

3 It bids us all from sin to fly,
Because our souls can never die;
It tells of heaven, where angels dwell,
And warns us to escape from hell.

4 But what is more than all beside,
The Bible tells us, Jesus died;
This is its best, its chief intent,
To lead poor sinners to repent.

5 Let us be thankful that we may,
Read this good Bible every day;
'Tis God's own word which he has given,
To show our souls the way to heaven.

S. M ♪ 25 WATTS.

1 BEHOLD the morning sun
Begins his glorious way;
His beams through all the nations run,
And light and life convey.

2 But where the gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light!
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.

3 How perfect is thy word,
And all thy judgments just!
Forever sure thy promise, Lord,
And men securely trust.

4 I hear thy word with love,
And I would fain obey;
Send thy good spirit from above,
To guide me lest I stray.

5 My gracious God! how plain
Are thy directions given!
O may I never read in vain,
But learn my way to heaven!

S. M. 26 WATTS.

1 THE praises of my tongue
I offer to the Lord,
That I was kindly taught so young
To read his holy word.

2 That I am brought to know
The danger I was in,
By nature, and by practice, too,
A wretched slave to sin.

3 That I am led to see
I can do nothing well:

And whither may a sinner flee,
To save himself from hell.

4 Great God, this book of thine
Informs me where to go
For grace to pardon all my sin,
And make me holy too.

5 Here I can read and learn
How Christ, the Son of God,
Did undertake our great concern:
Our ransom cost his blood.

6 O may his spirit teach,
And make my heart receive
Those truths which all thy servants preach,
And all thy saints believe.

C. M. 27 WESLEY.

1 FATHER of all in whom alone
We live, and move, and breathe,
One bright celestial ray dart down,
And cheer thy sons beneath.

2 While in thy word we search for thee,
(We search with trembling awe!)
Open our eyes and let us see
The wonders of thy law.

3 Now let our darkness comprehend
The light that shines so clear;
Now the revealing spirit send,
And give us ears to hear.

4 Before us make thy goodness pass,
Which here by faith we know:
Let us in Jesus see thy face,
And die to all below.

C. M. 28 WESLEY.

1 COME Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,
Let us thine influence prove;
Source of the old prophetic fire,
Fountain of Light and Love.

2 Come, Holy Ghost, (for moved by thee,
The Prophets wrote and spoke,)
Unlock the truth thyself the Key,
Unseal the sacred book.

3 Expand thy wings, celestial Dove,
Brood o'er our nature's night;
On our disorder'd spirits move,
And let there now be light.

4 God, through himself, we then shall know
If thou within us shine;

And sound with all thy saints below,
The depths of love divine.

S. M. 29 WATTS.

1 BEHOLD the lofty sky
Declares its maker God;
And all his starry works on high,
Proclaim his power abroad.

2 The darkness and the light
Still keep their course the same,
While night to-day, and day to-night,
Divinely teach his name.

3 In every different land
Their general voice is known;
They show the wonders of his hand,
And orders of his throne.

4 But let us more rejoice,
That he reveals his word;
We are not left to nature's voice,
To bid us "know the Lord."

5 His statutes and commands
Are set before our eyes;
He puts his gospel in our hands,
Where our salvation lies.

6 His laws are just and pure,
His truth without deceit;
His promises for ever sure,
And his rewards are great.

7's. 30 J. R.

1 HOLY Bible! book divine!
Precious treasure! thou art mine;
Mine, to tell me whence I came;
Mine, to teach me what I am.

2 Mine, to chide me when I rove;
Mine, to show a Saviour's love;
Mine art thou to guide my feet,
Mine, to judge, condemn, acquit.

3 Mine, to comfort in distress,
If the holy spirit bless:
Mine, to show by living faith,
Man can triumph over death.

4 Mine, to tell of joys to come,
And the rebel sinner's doom;
O thou precious book divine!
Precious treasure! thou art mine.

C. M. 31

Search the Scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life; and they are they which testify of me.—John v. 39.

1 GREAT God, with wonder and with praise
On all thy works I look;
But still thy wisdom, power, and grace,
Shine brightest in thy book.

2 The stars, that in their courses roll,
Have much instruction given;
But thy good word informs my soul
How I may climb to heaven.

3 The fields provide me food, and show
The goodness of the Lord:
But fruits of life and glory grow
In thy most holy word.

4 Lord, make me understand thy law,
Show what my faults have been;
And, from thy gospel, let me draw
Pardon for all my sin.

5 Here would I learn how Christ hath died,
To save my soul from hell;
Not all the books on earth beside
Such heavenly wonders tell.

L. M. 32

The pillar of the cloud departed not from them by day to lead them in the way.—NEHEMIAH ix. 19.

1 WHEN Israel through the desert passed
A fiery pillar went before,
To guide them through the dreary waste,
And lessen the fatigues they bore.

2 Such is thy glorious word, O God,
'Tis for our light and guidance given;
It sheds a lustre all abroad,
And points the path to bliss and heaven.

3 It fills the soul with sweet delight,
And quickens its inactive powers,
It sets our wandering footsteps right,
Displays thy love and kindles ours.

4 Its promises rejoice our hearts,
Its doctrines are divinely true;
Knowledge and pleasure it imparts,
It comforts and instructs us too.

SECTION III.

THE SABBATH.

L. M 33 STENNETT.

1 ANOTHER six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun;
Return, my soul, enjoy the rest—
Improve the day thy God has blessed.

2 O may our prayers and praises rise,
As grateful incense to the skies;
And draw from Heaven that sweet repose,
Which none but he who feels it, knows.

3 This heavenly calm, within the breast,
Prepares for that eternal rest,
Which for the sons of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

4 In holy duties let the day
In holy pleasures pass away;
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end.

C. M. 34 S. WESLEY.

1 THE Lord of Sabbath, let us praise,
In concert with the bless'd;

Who, joyful in harmonious lays,
Employ an endless rest.

2 Thus, Lord, while we remember thee,
We blest and pious grow;
By hymns of praise we learn to be
Triumphant here below.

3 On this glad day a brighter scene
Of glory was display'd
By God th' eternal Word, than when
This universe was made.

4 He rises, who mankind hath bought
With grief and pain extreme;
'Twas great to speak the world from naught,
'Twas greater to redeem.

C. M. 35 WATTS.

1 THIS is the day when Christ arose
So early from the dead.
Why should I keep my eyelids closed,
And waste my hours in bed?

2 This is the day when Jesus broke
The power of death and hell;
And shall I still wear Satan's yoke,
And love my sins so well?

3 To-day with pleasure Christians meet,
To pray and hear thy word;
And I would go with cheerful feet
To learn thy will, O Lord.

4 I'll leave my sport to read and pray,
And so prepare for heaven;
O may I love this blessed day
The best of all the seven.

C. M. 36 LYTE.

This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it.—PSALM cxviii. 24.

1 THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

2 To-day he rose and left the dead
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints his triumphs spread,
And all his wonders tell.

3 Hosannah to the anointed King,
To David's holy son;
Help us, O Lord; descend, and bring
Salvation from thy throne.

4 Hosannah! in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise;
The highest heavens in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

L. M. 37 TAYLOR.

1 THIS day belongs to God alone,
He chose the Sabbath for his own;
And we must neither work nor play,
Because it is God's holy day.

2 'Tis well to have one day in seven,
That we may learn the way to heaven;
Then let us spend it as we should,
In serving God and growing good.

3 We ought, to-day, to learn and seek,
What we may think of all the week;
And be the better every day,
For what we hear our teacher say.

4 And every Sabbath should be passed
As if we knew it were our last:
What would the dying sinner give
To have one Sabbath more to live!

L M 38

1 THUS far we're spared again to meet
Before Jehovah's mercy seat;
To seek his face, to praise and pray,
And hail another Sabbath day.

2 Let every tongue its silence break,
Let every tongue his goodness speak,
Who deigns his glory to display
On each returning Sabbath day.

7s. 39

Redeeming the time. —EPHESIANS v. 16.

1 SEE, another week is gone!
Quickly have the minutes passed;
That we enter now upon
May to some here prove their last;
Mercy hitherto has spared,
But have mercies been improved?
Let us ask, are we prepared,
Should we be this week removed?

2 If from guilt and sin set free,
By the knowledge of thy grace,
Welcome then the call will be,
To depart and see thy face.

To thy saints while here below,
With new days, new mercies come,
But the happiest day they know,
Is their last, which leads them home.

L. M. **40**

My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O Lord.—PSALM v. 3.

1 ASSEMBLED in our school once more,
O Lord, thy blessing we implore;
We meet to read, and sing and pray—
Be with us then, throughout this day.

2 Our fervent prayer to thee ascends,
For parents, teachers, foes and friends;
And when we in thy house appear,
Help us to worship in thy fear.

3 When we on earth shall meet no more,
May we above to glory soar,
And praise thee in more lofty strains,
Where one eternal Sabbath reigns.

8's and 7's. **41**

In all places where I record my name, I will come unto thee, and I will bless thee.—EXODUS xx. 12.

1 HOLY Saviour! thou hast told us,
When we meet to hear of thee,

In thy love thou wilt behold us,
And amongst us thou wilt be.

2 Lord of hosts! to seek thy blessing,
We are gathered here to-day;
Help us, all our sins confessing;
Saviour teach us now to pray.

3 May the words we hear, direct us
How to learn and do thy will;
May the Spirit's aid protect us,
And with faith our bosoms fill!

4 Grant that we may love each other,
Mindful of thy holy word,—
He that loveth not his brother
Surely cannot love the Lord.

SECTION IV.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

L. M. 42 WATTS.

1 LORD, how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship thee!
At once they sing, at once they pray;
They hear of heaven and learn the way.

2 I have been there, and still would go,
'Tis like a little heaven below;
Not all my pleasures and my play
Shall tempt me to forget this day.

3 O write upon my memory, Lord,
The texts and doctrines of thy word;
That I may break thy laws no more,
But love thee better than before.

4 With thoughts of Christ, and things divine,
Fill up this foolish heart of mine;
That, hoping pardon through his blood,
I may lie down and wake with God.

L. M. 43 DODDRIDGE

1 LORD of the Sabbath! hear us pray,
In this thy house on this thy day;
Accept as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from thy servants rise.

2 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But there's a nobler rest above;
O that we might that rest attain,
From sin, from sorrow, and from pain!

3 In thy bless'd kingdom we shall be
From every mortal trouble free!

No groans shall mingle with the songs,
Resounding from immortal tongues.

4 No rude alarms of raging foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun;
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

5 O Long-expected day, begin!
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin;
So shall we leave this weary road,
To sleep in death, and rest with God.

L. M. 44 Ken.

1 AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun,
The daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Redeem thy misspent moments past,
And live this day as if thy last;
Thy talents to improve take care,
And for thy last account prepare.

3 Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noon-day clear;
For God's all-seeing eye surveys
Thy secret thoughts, thy words, and ways.

4 Lord, I my vows to thee renew;
Scatter my sins as morning dew,
Guard my first spring of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

5 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say:
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

C. M. 45

1 WHY should I love my sport so well,
So constant at my play,
And lose the thoughts of heaven and hell
And then forget to pray?

2 What do I read my Bible for,
But, Lord, to learn thy will?
And shall I daily know thee more,
And less obey thee still?

3 How senseless is this heart, and wild!
How vain are all my thoughts!
Pity the weakness of a child,
And pardon all my faults.

4 Make me thy heavenly voice to hear,
And let me love to pray;
Since God will lend a gracious ear
To what a child can say.

P. M. 46

1 TO thee, O blessed Saviour,
Our grateful songs we raise;
O tune our hearts and voices
Thy holy name to praise;
'Tis by thy sovereign mercy
We're here allow'd to meet;
To join with friends and teachers,
Thy blessing to intreat.

2 Lord, guide and bless our teachers
Who labour for our good;
And may the holy Scriptures
By us be understood:
O may our hearts be given
To thee, our glorious King;
That we may meet in heaven,
Thy praises there to sing.

3 And may the precious gospel
Be publish'd all abroad,
Till poor benighted heathen
Shall know and serve the Lord;
Till o'er the wide creation
The rays of truth shall shine,
And nations now in darkness,
Arise to light divine.

7s. 47 MONTGOMERY.

1 TO thy temple I repair,
Lord, I love to worship there,

Heavenly Father, give me grace,
In thy courts to seek thy face.

2 While thy glorious praise is sung,
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue,
That my joyful soul may bless
Thee, the Lord my righteousness.

3 While the prayers of saints ascend,
God of love to mine attend;
Hear me, for thy spirit pleads,
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

4 While I hearken to thy law,
Fill my soul with humble awe,
Till thy gospel brings to me
Life and immortality.

5 While thy ministers proclaim
Peace and pardon in thy name,
Through thy voice, by faith may I
Hear Thee speaking from on high.

6 From thy house when I return,
May my heart within me burn,
And at evening let me say,
I have walked with God to-day.

4-6's and 2-8's. 48

1 LORD of the worlds above!
How pleasant and how fair,
The dwellings of thy love,
Thy earthly temples, are!
To thine abode My heart aspires,
With warm desires To see my God.

2 O happy souls that pray
Where God delights to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still: And happy they
Who love the way To Zion's hill.

3 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each o'ercomes at length,
Till each in heaven appears:
O glorious seat! Thou God our King,
Shall thither bring Our willing feet.

4 God is our sun, and shield,
Our light and our defence;
With gifts his hands are filled,
We draw our blessings thence;
He shall bestow Upon our race,
His saving grace, And glory too.

5 The Lord his people loves;
His hand no good withholds
From those his heart approves,
From holy, humble souls:
Thrice happy he, O Lord of hosts,
Whose spirit trusts alone in thee!

L. M. 49

All thy children shall be taught of the Lord: and great shall be the peace of thy children.—ISAIAH liv. 13.

1 GREAT Saviour, who didst condescend,
Young children in thine arms to take,
Still prove thyself the children's friend,
And save us for thy mercy sake.

2 'Tis by the guidance of thy hand,
That we within thy house appear:
Now in thine awful presence stand,
To hear thy word and join in prayer.

3 Like precious seed in fruitful ground,
Let the instructions we receive,
With fruits of righteousness abound,
And make us to thy glory live.

4 Then, through the slippery paths of youth,
Be thou our guardian and our guide;

That we, directed by the truth,
May never from thy precepts slide.

5 To read thy word our hearts incline,
To understand it, light impart;
Great Saviour, may we all be thine,
Take full possession of each heart.

C. M. 50

But as for me, I will come into thy house in the multitude of thy mercy.—PSALM v. 7.

1 OUR feeble voices, Lord, we raise,
Before thy gracious throne;
Oh tune our hearts to sing thy praise,
For all thy mercies shown.

2 Thy watchful eye, thy guardian hand,
Support us every hour;
And in thy house this day we stand,
Thy goodness to adore.

3 Incline our hearts to seek thy face,
The Saviour's name to love;
And form us, by Almighty grace,
For nobler praise above.

S. M. **51**

1 COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing:
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

2 He form'd the deeps unknown:
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne:
Come, bow before the Lord:
We are his works and not our own;
He form'd us by his word.

4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, as the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

8's and 6's. **52** WESLEY.

I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord.—PSALM cxxii. 1.

1 LORD, help my youthful heart to raise
A morning song of grateful praise,
For all thy guardian care,

Which kept me safe through every hour,
Protected by Almighty power,
From death, distress and fear.

2 Thy boundless love has led my way,
And brought me to this sacred day,
The Sabbath of my Lord:
To his blest courts I now repair,
The house of God, of praise, and prayer,
To hear His holy word.

3 Impress my mind with solemn awe,
And on it write thy heavenly law,
And shed thy love abroad;
Convinced by grace of all my sin,
Pardon and make me pure within,
My Saviour and my God.

SECTION V.

OUR FALL IN ADAM, AND REDEMPTION IN CHRIST.

C. M. 53 WATTS.

Praise to the Redeemer.

1 PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of Peace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and — O amazing love!
He flew to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste he fled;
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 O for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues,
The Saviour's praises speak!

5 Angels assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold;

But when you raise your highest notes.
His love can ne'er be told.

4-6's and 2-8's. 54 WESLEY.

1 LET earth and heaven agree,
Angels and men be join'd,
To celebrate with me,
The Saviour of mankind;
T' adore the all-atoning Lamb,
And bless the sound of Jesus' name.

2 Jesus! transporting sound!
The joy of earth and heaven:
No other help is found,
No other name is given,
By which we can salvation have;
But Jesus came the world to save.

3 Jesus! harmonious name
It charms the hosts above.
They evermore proclaim,
And wonder at his love;
'Tis all their happiness to gaze,
'Tis heaven to see our Jesus' face.

4 His name the sinner hears,
And is from sin set free,

'Tis music in his ears,
'Tis life and victory;
New songs do now his lips employ,
And dances his glad heart for joy.

C. M 55 COWPER.

1 THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away!

10's and 11's. 56 WESLEY.

1 LET children proclaim their Saviour and King,
To Jesus' name hosannas we sing:
Our best adoration to Jesus we give,
Who purchased salvation for us to receive.

2 The meek Lamb of God from heaven came down,
To ransom with blood and make us his own;
He patiently suffer'd, our souls to redeem;
Let songs then be offer'd to Jesus' name

3 To him let us give our earliest days,
And thankfully live to publish his praise;
Our lives shall confess him who came from above;
Our tongues ever bless him, and tell of his love

C. M. 57 WATTS.

1 ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed;
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groan'd upon the tree!
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree.

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
For man the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While His dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself to thee
'Tis all that I can do.

C. M. 58 DUNCAN

1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small!
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go—spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Children and sires, who know his love,
Who feel your sin and thrall,
Now join with all the hosts above,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 Let every kindred, ev'ry tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,

To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

6 O that with yonder sacred throng,
We at His feet may fall;
We'll join the *everlasting* song,
And crown him Lord of all.

C. M. 59 WESLEY.

1 JESUS, the name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky;
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.

2 Jesus the name to sinners dear,
The name to sinners given;
It scatters all their guilty fear;
It turns their hell to heaven.

3 Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head;
Power into helpless souls he speaks,
And life unto the dead.

4 O that the world might taste and see
The riches of His grace;
The arms of love that compass me,
Would all mankind embrace.

7s. 60 WESLEY

1 GLORY be to God on high,
God, whose glory fills the sky;
Peace on earth to man forgiven,
Man, the well-beloved of heaven.

2 Sovereign Father, heavenly King,
Thee we now presume to sing;
Glad thine attributes confess,
Glorious all, and numberless.

3 Hail, by all thy works adored!
Hail, the everlasting Lord!
Thee with thankful hearts we prove,
God of power and God of love.

4 Christ our Lord and God we own,
Christ, the Father's only son,
Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
Saviour of offending man.

5 Bow thine ear in mercy bow,
Hear the word's atonement, thou!
Jesus, in thy name we pray,
Take, O take our sins away!

C. M. 61 MEDLEY.

1 MORTALS, awake, with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay!

Joy, love, and gratitude combine
To hail the auspicious day.

2 Hark! the cherub armies shout,
And glory leads the song:
Good will and peace are heard throughout
The harmonious heavenly throng.

3 With joy the chorus we'll repeat,
"Glory to God on high;"
"Good-will and peace" are now complete,
Jesus was born to die.

4 Hail, Prince of Life! for ever hail,
Redeemer, Brother, Friend!
Though earth and time, and life should fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

C. M. 62 WATTS.

1 HOW sad our state by nature is!
Our sin how deep it stains!
And Satan binds our captive minds
Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace
Sounds from the sacred word,
"Ho! ye despairing sinners come,
And trust upon the Lord."

3 My soul obeys th' Almighty's call,
And runs to this relief:
I would believe thy promise, Lord!
O help my unbelief.

4 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
Into thine arms I fall;
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus, and my All.

L. M. 63 WATTS.

For I acknowledge my transgressions, and my sin is ever before me.—PSALM li. 3.

1 LORD, we are vile, conceived in sin,
And born unholy and unclean;
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
Corrupts the race, and taints us all.

2 Soon as we draw our infant breath,
The seeds of sin grow up for death;
Thy law demands a perfect heart;
But we're defiled in every part.

3 Behold we fall before thy face;
Our only refuge is thy grace;
No outward forms can make us clean,
The leprosy lies deep within.

4 When guilt disturbs and breaks our peace,
Nor flesh, nor soul, hath rest or ease;
Lord, let us hear thy pardoning voice,
And bid our mournful hearts rejoice.

C. M. 64 WATTS.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers!
Kindle a flame of sacred love,
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

3 Great God! and shall we ever live,
At this poor dying rate;
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great.

4 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers!
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

C. M. **65**

And he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them and blessed them.—MARK x. 6.

1 SEE, Israel's gentle Shepherd stands
With all engaging charms;
Hark, how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms.

2 "Permit them to approach," he cries,
Nor scorn their humble name;
For t was to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came.

3 He'll lead us to the heavenly streams,
Where living waters flow;
And guide us to the fruitful fields,
Where trees of knowledge grow.

4 The feeblest lamb amidst the flock,
Shall be its Shepherd's care;
While folded in the Saviour's arms,
We're safe from every snare.

C. M **66** WATTS.

1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs,
With angels round the throne;

Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus:
Worthy the Lamb! our hearts reply,
For he was slain for us.

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine!
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

4 The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

L. M. 67 WESLEY.

Who is this King of Glory? the Lord of hosts, he is the King of Glory.—PSALM xxiv. 10.

1 OUR Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high;
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.

2 There his triumphant chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay,—

Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
Ye everlasting doors give way!"

3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the radiant scene;
He claims those mansions as his right;
Receive the King of Glory in.

4 "Who is the King of Glory?" Who?
The Lord, that all his foes o'ercame;
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew;
And Jesus is the conqueror's name.

5 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay,—
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
Ye everlasting doors give way."

6 "Who is the King of Glory?" Who?
The Lord, of boundless power possessed,
The King of saints and angels, too,
God, over all, for ever blessed.

8's and 7's. 68 ROBINSON.

By the grace of God, I am what I am.—Cor. xv. 10.

1 COME thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace:

Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to save my soul from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

2 O! to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee,
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love,
Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it,
Seal it for thy courts above.

7s. 69 ROBINSON.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters.—PSALM xxxiii. 2.

1 SHEPHERD of thy little flock,
Lead me to the shadowing rock:
Where the richest pastures grow,
Where the living waters flow.

2 By that pure and silent stream,
Sheltered from the scorching beam,

Shepherd, Saviour, Guardian, Guide,
Keep me ever near thy side!

C. M. 70 WESLEY.

1 O SUN of Righteousness, arise,
With healing in thy wing!
To my diseased, my fainting soul,
Life and salvation bring.

2 These clouds of pride and sin dispel,
By thy all-piercing beam;
Lighten mine eyes with faith, my heart
With holy hope inflame.

3 My mind, by thy all quick'ning power,
From low desires set free;
Unite my scatter'd thoughts, and fix
My love entire on thee.

4 Father, thy long-lost son receive;
Saviour, thy purchase own;
Bless'd comforter with peace and joy
Thy new-made creature crown.

5 Eternal, undivided Lord,
Co-equal one and three!
On thee all faith, all hope be placed,
All love be paid to thee!

SECTION VI.

REPENTANCE AND FAITH.

S. M. 71 WESLEY.

1 O THAT I could repent;
With all my idols part,
And to thy gracious eye present
An humble, contrite heart!
A heart with grief oppress'd
For having grieved my God;
A troubled heart that cannot rest,
Till sprinkled with thy blood.

2 Jesus on me bestow
The penitent desire;
With true sincerity of wo,
My aching breast inspire:
With softening pity look,
And melt my hardness down;
Strike with thy love's resistless stroke,
And break this heart of stone!

C. M. 72 WESLEY.

1 O FOR that tenderness of heart
Which bows before the Lord,

Acknowledging how just thou art,
And trembling at thy word!
O for those humble, contrite tears,
Which from repentance flow;
That consciousness of guilt which fears
The long-suspended blow

2 Saviour, to me in pity give
The sensible distress;
The pledge thou wilt at last receive,
And bid me die in peace:
Wilt from the dreadful day remove,
Before the evil come;
My spirit hide with saints above,
My body in the tomb.

C. M. 73 WESLEY.

1 O THAT I could my Lord receive,
Who did the world redeem;
Who gave his life that I might live,
A life conceal'd in him.

2 O that I could the blessing prove
My heart's extreme desire;
Live happy in my Saviour's love,
And in his arms expire!

3 Mercy I ask to seal my peace,
That, kept by mercy's power,
I may from every evil cease,
And never grieve thee more.

4 In answer to ten thousand prayers,
Thou pardoning God, descend;
Number me with salvation's heirs,
My sins and troubles end.

5 Nothing I ask or want beside,
Of all in earth or heaven;
But let me feel thy blood applied,
And live and die forgiven.

6-7's. 74 WESLEY.

1 SAVIOUR, Prince of Israel's race,
See me from thy lofty throne;
Give the sweet reviving grace,
Soften this obdurate stone!
Stone to flesh, O God, convert,
Cast a look and break my heart!

2 By thy Spirit, Lord, reprove!
All my inmost sins reveal;
Sins against thy light and love,
Let me see, and let me feel;

Sins that crucified my God,
Spilt again thy precious blood.

3 Might I in thy sight appear,
As the publican distress'd;
Stand, not daring to draw near;
Smite on my unworthy breast;
Groan the sinner's only plea,
"God be merciful to me!"

4 O remember me for good,
Passing through the mortal vale;
Show me the atoning blood,
When my strength and spirit fail:
Give my gasping soul to see
Jesus crucified for me.

8's and 6's. 75 WESLEY.

1 AUTHOR of faith, to thee I cry,
To thee, who would'st not have me die,
But know the truth and live;
Open mine eyes to see thy face,
Work in my heart the saving grace,
The life eternal give.

2 Shut up in unbelief, I groan,
And blindly serve a God unknown,

Till thou the veil remove;
The gift unspeakable impart,
And write thy name upon my heart,
And manifest thy love.

3 Thou bid'st us knock and enter in,
Come unto thee and rest from sin,
The blessing seek and find:
Thou bid'st us ask thy grace, and have;
Thou can'st, thou would'st, this moment save
Both me and all mankind.

4 Be it according to thy word;
Now let me find my pard'ning Lord;
Let what I ask be given;
The bar of unbelief remove,
Open the door of faith and love,
And take me into heaven.

C. M. 76 WESLEY.

1 COME, let us who in Christ believe,
Our common Saviour praise;
To him with joyful voices give
The glory of his grace.

2 He now stands knocking at the door
Of every sinner's heart;

The worst need keep him out no more,
Or force him to depart.

3 Through grace we hearken to thy voice,
Yield to be saved from sin;
In sure and certain hope rejoice
That thou wilt enter in.

4 Come quickly in, thou heavenly Guest,
Nor ever hence remove;
But sup with us, and let the feast
Be everlasting love.

S. M. 77 WESLEY

1 O THAT I could repent;
O that I could believe!
Thou by thy voice the marble rent
The rock in sunder cleave;
Thou by thy two-edge sword,
My soul and spirit part;
Strike with the hammer of thy word,
And break my stubborn heart!

2 Saviour, and Prince of Peace,
The double grace bestow;
Unloose the bands of wickedness,
And let the captive go;

Grant me my sins to feel,
And then the load remove;
Wound, and pour in, my wounds to heal,
The balm of pard'ning love.

3 This is thy will, I know,
That I should holy be,
Should let my sin this moment go;
This moment turn to thee;
O might I now embrace
Thy all-sufficient power,
And never more to sin give place,
And never grieve thee more.

8. M. 78 WESLEY.

1 SPIRIT of faith, come down,
Reveal the things of God;
And make to us the Godhead known,
And witness with the blood;
'Tis thine the blood t' apply,
And give us eyes to see,
Who did for every sinner die.
Hath surely died for me.

2 Inspire the living faith,
Which whosoe'er receives,

The witness in himself he hath,
And consciously believes;
The faith that conquers all,
And doth the mountain move,
And saves whoe'er on Jesus call,
And perfects them in love.

C. M. 79 WATTS.

1 FATHER, I stretch my hands to thee,
No other help I know;
If thou withdraw thyself from me,
Ah! whither shall I go?

2 What did thy only son endure
Before I drew my breath;
What pain, what labour, to secure
My soul from endless death.

3 O Jesus, could I this believe,
I now should feel thy power;
Now all my wants thou would'st relieve
In this, the accepted hour.

4 Author of Faith, to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes,
O let me now receive that gift
My soul without it dies.

5 Surely thou canst not let me die;
O speak and I shall live!
For here I will unwearied lie
Till thou thy Spirit give.

6 How would my fainting soul rejoice
Could I but see thy face!
Now let me hear thy quick'ning voice,
And taste thy pard'ning grace!

L. M. 80 WESLEY.

1 O THOU that hangedst on the tree,
Our curse and sufferings to remove,
Pity the souls that look to thee,
And save us by thy dying love.

2 We have no outward righteousness,
No merits or good works to plead;
We only can be saved by grace;
Thy grace will here be free indeed.

3 Save us by grace, through faith alone,
A faith thou must thyself impart;
A faith that would by works be shown,
A faith that purifies the heart.

4 A faith that doth the mountains move,
A faith that shows our sins forgiven;

A faith that sweetly works by love,
And ascertains our claim to heaven.

5 This is the faith we humbly seek,
The faith in all thy cleansing blood;
That blood which doth for sinners speak;
O let it speak us up to God!

SECTION VII.

THE HOLY SPIRIT'S INFLUENCE.

C. M. 81 WATTS.

1 ETERNAL Spirit, we confess
And sing the wonders of thy grace;
Thy power conveys our blessings down,
From God the Father and the Son.

2 Enlightened by the heavenly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day;
Thine inward teachings make us know
Our danger and our refuge too.

3 Thy power and glory work within,
And break the chains of reigning sin;
Now our imperious will subdue,
And form our sinful hearts anew.

4 The troubled conscience knows thy voice.
Thy cheering word awakes our joys;
Thy words allay the stormy wind,
And calm the sur[illegible] of the mind.

7s. 82 STOCKER.

1 GRACIOUS Spirit, love divine!
Let thy light within me shine;
All my guilty fears remove,
Fill me full of heaven and love.

2 Speak thy pard'ning grace to me,
Set the burden'd sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God,
Wash me in his precious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart;
Seal salvation on my heart;
Breathe thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

4 Let me never from thee stray,
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine,
Keep me, Lord, for ever thine.

P. M. **83** STOCKER.

1 HOLY Ghost, dispel our sadness,
Pierce the clouds of nature's night;
Come, thou source of joy and gladness,
Breathe thy life, and spread thy light.

2 Hear, O hear, our supplication,
Loving Spirit, God of peace!
Rest upon this congregation,
Great distributor of grace!

3 Author of our new creation,
Bid us all thine influence prove;
Make our souls thy habitation,
Shed abroad the Saviour's love.

S. M **84** WATTS.

When he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth.—JOHN xvi. 13.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, come,
Let thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

2 Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesus' blood;

And to our wondering view, reveal
The secret love of God.

3 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.

4 Dwell therefore in our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free:
Then shall we know, and praise, and love
The Father, Son, and Thee.

L. M. 85 WATTS

For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God.—ROMANS viii. 14.

1 COME, gracious Spirit, source of love,
With light and comfort from above;
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide,
O'er every thought and step preside.

2 O turn us with a father's care,
From every sin and hurtful snare;
Lead to thy word, that rules must give,
And teach us lessons how to live.

3 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose thy way;

Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

4 Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God;
Lead us to Christ, the living way,
Nor let us from his pasture stray.

5 Lead us to God, our final rest,
In his enjoyment to be blest;
Lead us to heaven, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.

C. M. **86** WATTS.

The Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things.—JOHN xiv. 26.

1 THE Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun;
It gives a light to every age,—
It gives, but borrows none.

3 The land that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;

Its truth upon the nations rise,—
They rise but never set.

4 Let everlasting thanks be Thine,
For such a bright display
As makes the world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

L. M. 87

How much more shall your Heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him? — LUKE xi. 13.

1 GREAT God, behold before thy throne
A band of children lowly bend;
Thy face we seek, thy name we own,
And pray that thou wouldst be our friend.

2 Thy Holy Spirit's aid impart,
That he may teach us how to pray;
Make us sincere, and let each heart
Delight to tread in wisdom's way.

3 O let thy grace our souls renew,
And seal a sense of pardon there;
Teach us thy will to know and do,
And let us all thine image bear.

SECTION VIII.

THE IMPORTANCE OF EARLY PIETY.

L. M. 88

1 WE are but young—yet we may sing
The praises of our Heavenly King;
He made the earth, the sea, the sky,
And all the starry worlds on high.

2 We are but young—yet we have heard
The gospel news, the heavenly word;
If we despise the only way,
Dreadful will be the judgment day.

3 We are but young—yet we must die,
Perhaps our latter end is nigh;
Lord, may we early seek thy grace,
And find in Christ a hiding place.

4 We are but young—we need a guide;
Jesus, in thee we will confide;
O lead us in the path of truth,—
Protect and bless our helpless youth.

5 We are but young—yet God has shed
Unnumbered blessings on our head;
Then let our youth and riper days
Be all devoted to his praise.

C. M. 89 WESLEY.

1 COME, let us join the hosts above,
Now in our youngest days;
Remember our Creator's love,
And lisp our Father's praise.

2 His Majesty will not despise
The day of feeble things;
Grateful the songs of children rise,
And please the King of kings.

3 He loves to be remembered thus,
And honoured for his grace;
Out of the mouths of babes like us,
His wisdom perfects praise.

4 Glory to God, and praise, and power,
Honour and thanks be given!
Children and cherubim adore
The Lord of earth and heaven.

C. M. 90 WATTS.

1 WHAT blest examples do I find
Writ in the word of truth,
Of children that began to mind
Religion in their youth.

2 Jesus, who reigns above the sky,
And keeps the world in awe,
Was once a child as young as I,
And kept his Father's law.

3 At twelve years old he talk'd with men,
(His parents wondering stand)
Yet he obeyed his mother then,
And came at her command.

4 Children their loud hosannas sung,
And blessed their Saviour's name;
They gave him honour with their tongue,
While scribes and priests blaspheme.

5 Samuel the child was wean'd and taught
To wait upon the Lord,
Young Timothy betimes was brought
To know his holy word.

6 Then why should I so long delay
What others learned so young?
Let me not pass another day
Without his work begun.

C. M. 91 WATTS

1 HAPPY the child whose tender years
Receive instruction well;

Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
The road that leads to hell.

2 When we devote our youth to God,
'Tis pleasing in his eyes;
A flower, when offered in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice.

3 'Twill save us from a thousand snares
To mind religion young;
Grace will preserve our following years
And make our virtue strong.

4 To thee, Almighty God, to thee
Our childhood we resign;
'Twill please us to look back and see
That our whole lives were thine.

5 Let the sweet work of prayer and praise
Employ our youngest breath;
Thus we're prepared for longer days,
Or fit for early death.

92

1 HAPPY Samuel, to his God
In his infancy restored;
In his Maker's house he stood,
Minist'ring before the Lord;

Happy child, who gained a place,
To his heavenly Lord so near!
Happier still who found the grace
God's majestic voice to hear!

2 Lord of earth and skies, again
To a child thyself make known;
Chosen from the sons of men,
Make me thine, and thine alone;
Thine, O Lord, I surely am,
But to me unknown thou art;
Come, and call me by my name,
Whisper to my list'ning heart.

3 Stir me up to seek thy face,
Claim me in my tender years;
Manifest the word of grace,
Speak, for now thy servant hears.
Now thy gracious self reveal,
Speak in power and peace divine;
Pardon on my conscience seal,
Seal thy child forever thine.

C. M. 93 WATTS.

1 YE hearts with youthful vigour warm,
In smiling crowds draw near;
And turn from every mortal charm
The Saviour's voice to hear.

2 The Lord of all the worlds on high
Stoops to converse with you:
And lays his radiant glories by,
Your friendship to pursue.

3 "The soul that longs to see my face,
Is sure my love to gain;
And those that early seek my grace
Shall never seek in vain."

4 What object, Lord, my soul should move,
If once compared with thee?
What beauty should command my love
Like what in Christ I see?

5 Away, ye false, delusive joys,
Vain tempters of the mind;
'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,
For here true bliss I find.

L. M. 94

1 BESET with snares on every hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand;
Saviour divine! diffuse thy light,
To guide my youthful steps aright.

2 Engage this frail and wavering heart
Wisely to choose the better part:

To scorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that never fade away.

3 Then let the wildest storms arise,
Let tempests mingle earth and skies,
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
But all my treasures with me bear.

4 If thou, my Father, still be nigh,
Cheerful I live, and peaceful die;
Secure when mortal comforts flee,
To find eternal bliss in thee.

8's. 4 95

1 THOUGH children in stature and years,
Religion is needful for you;
Since children, it surely appears,
Must answer for all that they do.
'Tis needful for you that are young,
To cleave to your heavenly Friend,
To praise him with heart and with tongue,
And still on his service attend.

2 Go, give him, with Mary, your heart,
And learn without further delay;
He'll teach you to choose the good part,
Which ne'er shall be taken away:

Unless I feel it too.

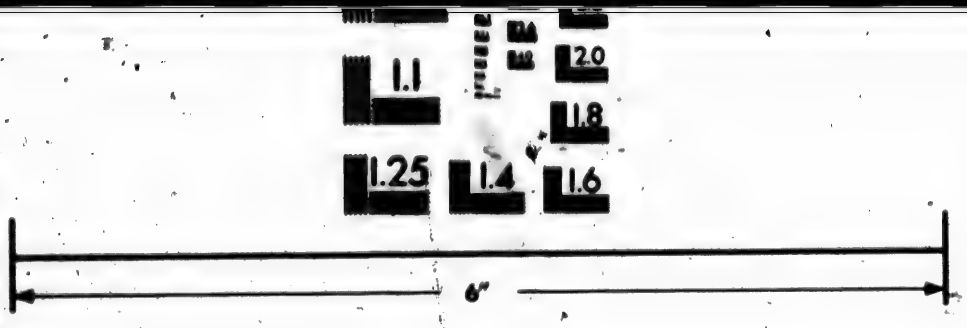
2 Yet foolish thoughts my heart beguile;
And when I pray or sing,
I'm often thinking all the while
About some other thing.

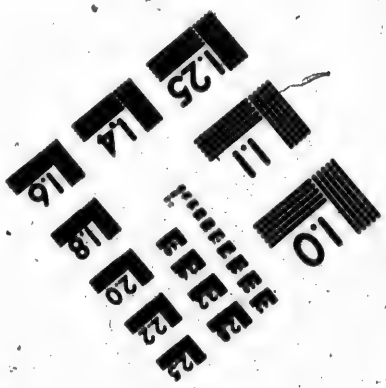
3 O let me never, never dare
To act a trifler's part,
Or think that God will hear a prayer,
That comes not from the heart.

4 But if I make his ways my choice,
As holy children do,
Then, while I seek him with my voice,
My heart will love him too.

C. M. 113 TAYLOR.

1 LORD, teach a sinful child to pray,

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But keep me more than all from all,
For that's the worst of all.

4 And may I seek until I find,
What none are good without,—
That humble, meek and lowly mind,
Which Jesus preach'd about.

C. M. 114 MONTGOMERY.

The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.—James v. 16.

1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed:
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

6 The saints, in prayer, appear as one,
In word, and deed, and mind,
While, with the Father and the Son,
Sweet fellowship they find.

7 O Thou, by whom we come to God,
The life, the truth, the way,
The path of prayer thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray.

C. M. 115 WESLEY.

A new heart will I give you and a new spirit will I put within you.—EZEKIEL XXVI. 26.

1 O FOR a heart to praise my God,

Its summons to the tomb:

2 Remember thy Creator, God;
For him thy hours employ;
Make him thy fear, thy love, thy hope,
Thy confidence, thy joy.

3 He shall defend, and guide thy course
Through life's uncertain sea;
Till thou art landed on the shore
Of bless'd eternity.

4 Then seek the Lord betimes, and choose
The path of heavenly truth:
For God himself will not refuse
The offering of thy youth.

8s and 7s. 97 WESLEY.

1 TEACHER, guide of young beginners,
Lo! a child approach to thee,

Come quickly from above!
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new best name of Love.

S. M. 116

While he was yet young, he began to seek after the God of David his Father.—2 Chron. xxxiv. 3.

1 WITH humble heart, and tongue,
Great God to thee we pray;
O may we learn, while we are young,
To walk in wisdom's way.

2 Now, in our early days,
Teach us thy will to know;
O God, thy sanctifying grace,
[illegible]

[illegible]
Teach my youthful mind the way;
With a tender awe inspire,
That I never more may rove;
The faint spark of good desire,
Blow into a flame of love.

C. M. 98

1 SINCE Jesus loves to hear his praise
Arise from infant tongues,
Let us not waste our youthful days
In vain and foolish songs.

2 Too soon we ne'er can serve the Lord,
Nor love his name too dear;
Nor prize too much his precious word,
Nor learn too soon his fear.

3 To us, O Lord, thy grace impart,
And every song shall be

O Lord God, thou art my trust from my youth.—PSALM lxxi. 5.

1 GUIDE of our youth! to thee we cry;
Great God! to us be ever nigh;
Our minds instruct, our hearts convert,
Nor let us thy good ways desert.

2 Ten thousand snares beset our way,
To draw our helpless souls astray;
Our wants regard, our prayers attend,
And with thy power and grace defend.

3 O smile on those whose Christian care

No times should turn y[illegible] away.

2 Though children in stature and years,
Salvation is needed by you;
For children it plainly appears,
Must answer for all that they do.

3 Then give to the Saviour your heart,
And learn without further delay;
He'll teach you to choose the good part,
Which ne'er shall be taken away.

4 His hand shall supply all your wants,
Though ever so many or great;
His love shall redress your complaints,
And render your portion complete.

C. M. 100

1 ALMIGHTY Father, heavenly King!
Who rul'st the worlds above,

In thee, the poor and helpless find
A friend all-powerful, constant, kind,
Who crowns with joy their days.

2 Weak and imperfect is our song;
For how shall mortal's erring tongue,
Thy Majesty address?
Yet thou dost know each want and care,
Ere we can sigh them forth in prayer,
And willing art to bless.

3 Thy guardian care around us spread,
From snares that fill the path we tread,
Protect our feeble youth;
May we, through infancy and age,
Take for our constant guide, the page
Of thy eternal truth.

3 Our Lord is ever good and kind,
To us his word hath given,
That young ones, such as we, might find
A certain path to heaven.

4 Stretch out, O Lord, thy gracious hand
To guide our erring youth;
And lead us to that blissful land,
Where dwells eternal truth.

C. M. 101 WESLEY

1 CALL'D in the morning of their day,
How few like us are blest
Us, if we now the call obey
And fly to Jesus' breast.

2 Be this, O Lord, our one desire,
To find our rest in thee;
To do whate'er thy laws require,
In true simplicity.

From [illegible] and [illegible],
From sickness, pain, and grief;
On him for daily bread we call;
He knows our wants, and feeds us all.

3 But 'tis from him alone
Our greater mercies flow;
He can on hearts of stone
His softening grace bestow;
The stubborn spirit he can bend,
And change the foe into a friend.

4 O let his praise be spread!
For forgiveness, as these,
For more than daily bread,
For [illegible] health and ease;
He [illegible] and gives the grace
[illegible]

Its ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all its paths are joy and peace,
And heaven on earth begun.

2 If this felicity were mine,
I every other would resign,
With just and holy scorn:
Cheerful and blithe my way pursue,
And with the promised land in view,
Singing to God return.

S. M. 103 WESLEY.

1 LORD, in the strength of grace,
With a glad heart and free,
Myself, my residue of days,
I consecrate to thee.

2 Thy ransom'd servant I
Restore to thee thine own,
And from this moment live or die
To serve my God alone.

3 We bless his name, that we are taught
To keep his sacred day;
And that we thus are brought to join
With those who praise and pray.

4 O may we prize those favours well,
Nor let them be in vain;
Teach babes and sucklings, Lord, to raise
Their songs to thee again.

C. M 121

O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men.—Psalm cvii. 21.

1 COME, happy children, come and join
Your voices with one accord;

The gift unspeakable obtains,
And heavenly understanding gains.

3 Wisdom divine! Who tells the price
Of wisdom's costly merchandise!
Wisdom to silver we prefer,
And gold is dross compared to her.

4 Her hands are fill'd with length of days,
True riches and immortal praise;
Riches of Christ on all bestow'd,
And honour that descends from God.

5 To purest joys she all invites,
Chaste, holy, spiritual delights;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are paths of peace.

6 Happy child who wisdom gains;
Thrice happy who his guest retains;
He owns, and shall for ever own,
Wisdom, and Christ, and Heaven are one.

5 Sing of the wonders of his name,
And Jesus Christ adore;
Him for your Lord and God proclaim,
And praise him evermore.

For thou hast been a strength to the poor, a strength to the needy in his distress.—Isaiah xxv. 4.

1 [illegible] God, our hearts velocis raise,
[illegible] our lips and hearts with praise,
[illegible]
[illegible] every tongue,

2 For she has treasures, greater far
Than east or west unfold;
And her rewards more precious are
Than all their stores of gold.

3 In her right hand she holds to view
A length of happy years;
And in her left the prize of fame,
And honour now appears.

4 She guides the young with innocence,
In pleasure's path to tread;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

5 According as her labours rise,
So her rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

2 Should they be early hence removed,
He will their souls receive;
For those, who here have Jesus loved,
With him shall ever live.

3 The Saviour, whom they trusted here,
Shall wipe their tears away;
No night of darkness shall be there,
But one eternal day.

4 May we with those in bliss, O Lord,
Forever numbered be;
Taught by thy Spirit and thy word,
To live alone to thee.

C. M. 107 TAYLOR.

Strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life.—MATT. vii. 14.

1 THERE is a path that leads to God,
All others lead astray;

We, for whose guard the angel band
Come flying from above.

4 We, for whom God the Son came down,
And laboured for our good,—
How careless to secure that crown
He purchased with his blood.

5 Lord, shall we live so sluggish still,
And never act our parts?
Come, Holy Dove, from th' heavenly hill,
And warm our frozen hearts.

6 Give us with active warmth to move,
[illegible]

3 But lest my feeble steps should slide,
Or wander from the way,
Lord, condescend to be my guide,
And I shall never stray.

4 Then I may safely venture through,
Beneath my Shepherd's care;
And keep the gate of heaven in view,
Till I shall enter there.

C. M. 108

Though the Lord be high, yet hath he respect unto the lowly.—Psalm cxxxviii. 6.

1 HIGH in the shining courts above,
God reigns, the Sovereign King,
And angels, round his throne of love,
Sweet hallelujahs sing.

2 He [illegible] mind,
And stoops [illegible] to hear;

Kiss the sorrow from my face.

3 Though my sins reach up to heaven,
Higher still thy mercies rise;
Infinite my sin forgiven
How shall I thy goodness prize?
Let me all thy goodness prove,
Let me infinitely love.

8's and 6's. 126 WESLEY

1 BE it my only wisdom here,
To serve the Lord with filial fear,
With loving gratitude:
Superior sense may I display,
[illegible]

4 Their conversation and their prayers
Are music in his ears;
His smiles dispel their gloomy cares,
And dissipate their fears.

5 Oh! did the young ground but know
How great these pleasures are;
They would each sinful joy forego,
And seek such bliss to share.

C. M. 109 WATTS.

The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.—PSALM cxi. 10.

1 RELIGION is the chief concern,
Of mortals here below;
May I its great importance learn,
Its sovereign virtue know.

2 More needful this than gilding wealth,
Or aught the world bestows;

And in our midst appear.

2 Make this thy dwelling-place,
While we assembled stay;
Furnish each youthful soul with grace,
And wash our sins away.

3 O let this morning be
Devoted to thy ways;
And consecrate our school to thee,
And fill each heart with praise.

4 To child and teacher, Lord,

4 O may my heart, by grace renewed,
Be my Redeemer's throne;
And be my stubborn will subdued,
His government to own.

5 Let deep repentance, faith and love,
Be joined with godly fear,
And all my conversation prove,
My heart to be sincere.

6 Preserve me from the snares of sin,
Through my remaining days,
And in me let each virtue shine,
To my Redeemer's praise.

L. M. 110

1 HOW pleasant for a child to sing
The goodness of its God and King,
Who lives above the sun and stars,
And everlasting glory wears.

And all the powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

4 But O! when that last conflict's o'er,
And I am chained to earth no more,
With what glad accents [illegible]
To join the [illegible]

5 Soon shall I learn the [illegible]
Which echo o'er the [illegible]
And emulate with joy [illegible]
The glowing [illegible]

6 The cheerful [illegible]
[illegible]

To heaven, to glory and to God.

SECTION IX.

PRAYER AND PRAISE.

L. M. 111 WESLEY.

1 ALMIGHTY God, to thee I cry,
Assist a child's infirmity;
Nor let me with my lips draw nigh,
While my heart wanders far from thee.

2 Ah! never let me speak a word,
But what with all my soul I mean;
Or lie to thee, thou glorious Lord,
By whom my every thought is seen.

3 With what submissive lowliness
Should I approach thy glorious throne!
How can I hope by words to please,
To please a God I have not known.

It is thy love and care that sends
My health and strength, my food and friends,
If I may call them mine.

3 I prize the grace which sent thy Son
To die for crimes that I have done;
On him my faith would look;
Grant for his sake the strength I need,
My sins in thought, and word, and deed,
Oh, blot them from thy book!

4 While here on earth I wait thy will,
Oh, guard, and guide, and bless me still,
And save me when I die:
Then, when my days on earth are past,
My soul shall dwell with thee at last,
To praise thee in the sky.

2 Yet foolish thoughts my heart beguile;
And when I pray or sing,
I'm often thinking all the while
About some other thing.

3 O let me never, never dare
To act a trifler's part,
Or think that God will hear a prayer,
That comes not from the heart.

4 But if I make his ways my choice,
As holy children do,
Then, while I seek him with my voice,
My heart will love him too.

C. M. 119 TAYLOR.

1 LORD, teach a sinful child to pray,
And then accept my prayer:

3 Jesus, hear me, shed thy grace,
Look in mercy, grant thy blessing;
There is nothing in this place,
Half so worthy of possessing.

L. M. 131

The Spirit of truth which proceeth from the Father, he shall testify of me.—Jesus iv. 26.

1 MY Father, when I come to thee
I would not only bend the knee,
But with my spirit seek thy face,—
With my whole heart desire thy grace.

2 My Saviour, guide me with thine eye;
My sins forgive, my wants supply;

4 And may I seek until I find,
What none are good without,—
That humble, meek and lowly mind,
Which Jesus preach'd about.

C. M. 114 MONTGOMERY.

The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.—James v. 16.

1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed:
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will.

2 O send thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart;
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

3 Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

4 Make me to walk in thy commands,
'Tis a delightful road;
Nor let my hand or heart or hands
Offend against my God.

Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold he prays."

6 The saints, in prayer, appear as one,
In word, and deed, and mind,
While, with the Father and the Son,
Sweet fellowship they find.

7 O Thou, by whom we come to God,
The life, the truth, the way,
The path of prayer thyself has trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray.

C. M. 115 WESLEY.

A new heart will I give you and a new spirit will I put within you.—Ezekiel xxvi. 26.

1 O FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free!

Our minds with wisdom store;
And still, O Lord, as more we know,
May we obey thee more.

C. M. 134

Hear thou from thy dwelling place, even from heaven; and when thou hearest, forgive.—2 Chron. vi. 21.

1 HEAR, Lord, the song of praise and prayer,
In heaven, thy dwelling place,
From children made the public care,
And taught to seek thy face!

2 Thanks for thy word, and for thy day;
And grant us, we implore,
Never to waste, in sinful play,
Thy holy Sabbaths more.

A copy, Lord, of grace.

4 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,
Come quickly from above!
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new best name of Love.

8. M. 118

While he was yet young, he began to seek after the God of David his Father.—2 Chron. xxxiv. 3.

1 WITH humble heart, and tongue,
Great God to thee we pray;
O may we learn, while we are young,
To walk in wisdom's way.

2 Now, in our early days,
Teach us thy will to know;
O God, thy sanctifying grace,
Betimes, on us bestow.

Make me attentive to thy word;
Nor let me be neglectful found,
Where grace and mercy so abound.

C. M. 136 BARTON

1 FATHER of all, who dwell'st above,
Thy name be hallow'd here,
As in those realms of peace and love.
Where saints that name revere.

2 Thy kingdom come, thy will, alone,
Be done by man below;
As spirits round thy glorious throne,
Their pure obedience show.

Our warmest thoughts employ;
Be this, through all our future days,
Our treasure and our joy.

L. M. 137

O Lord God, thou art my trust from my youth.—PSALM lxxi. 5.

1 GUIDE of our youth! to thee we cry;
Great God! to us be ever nigh;
Our minds instruct, our hearts convert,
Nor let us thy good ways desert.

2 Ten thousand snares beset our way,
To draw our helpless souls astray;
Our wants regard, our prayers attend,
And with thy power and grace defend.

3 O smile on those whose Christian care
Provide for our instruction here;

My Father, thou art the guide of my youth.—Jer. iii. 4.

1 GREAT God, and wilt thou condescend
To be my Father and my Friend,
I a poor child, and thou so high,
The Lord of earth, and air, and sky.

2 Art thou my Father? Canst thou bear
To hear my poor imperfect prayer?
Or wilt thou listen to the praise
That such a little one can raise?

3 Art thou my Father? I'll depend
Upon the care of such a friend,

1 FATHER of mercies, still to thee,
With thankful hearts we bend the knee,
And bring thee songs of praise.
In thee, the poor and helpless find
A friend all-powerful, constant, kind,
Who crowns with joy their days.

2 Weak and imperfect is our song;
For how shall mortal's erring tongue,
Thy Majesty address?
Yet thou dost know each want and care,
Ere we can sigh them forth in prayer,
And willing art to bless.

3 Thy guardian care around us spread,
From snares that fill the path we tread,
Protect our feeble youth:
May we, through infancy and age,
Take for our constant guide, the page
Of thy eternal truth!

2 Glory to the Son we bring,
Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King!
Children, raise your sweetest strain,
To the Lamb, for he was slain.

3 Glory to the Holy Ghost,
Be this a day of Pentecost,
Children's minds may he inspire,
Touch their tongues with holy fire,

4 Glory in the highest be
To the blessed Trinity;
For the Gospel from above,
For the word that "God is love."

And sends us quick relief
From cold and nakedness,
From sickness, pain, and grief;
On him for daily bread we call;
He knows our wants, and feeds us all.

3 But 'tis from him alone
Our greater mercies flow;
He can on hearts of stone
His softening grace bestow;
The stubborn spirit he can bend,
And change the foe into a friend.

4 O let his praise be spread!
For unmerited he sends,
For more than daily bread,
For unmeriting health and ease;
He pardons, and gives the grace
That fills the soul with joy and peace.

3 The year rolls round and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're travelling to the grave.

4 Infinite joy, or endless woe,
Attends on every breath;
And yet how unconcerned we go,
Upon the brink of death!

5 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense
To walk this dangerous road;
And if our souls be hurried hence,
May they be found with God!

The choicest gift he sends.

3 We bless his name, that we are taught
To keep his sacred day;
And that we thus are brought to join
With those who praise and pray.

4 O may we prize those favours well,
Nor let them be in vain;
Teach babes and sucklings, Lord, to raise
Their songs to thee again.

C. M 121

O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men.—Psalm cvii. 21.

1 COME, happy children, come and sing
Your voices with one accord;
Come, sing the cheerful songs of spring
And bless your Saviour Lord.

4 What if his dreadful anger burn,
While I refuse his offered grace,
And all his love to fury turn,
And strike me dead upon the place:

5 Then 'twill forever be in vain
To cry for pardon and for grace;
To wish I had my time again,
Or hope to see my Maker's face.

L. M. 141 WESLEY.

1 THE morning flowers display their sweets,
And gay their silken leaves unfold,
As careless of the noontide heats,
As fearless of the evening cold.

5 Sing of the wonders of his power,
Who, with his own right arm,
Upholds and keeps you every hour,
And shields your souls from harm.

6 Sing of the wonders of his name,
And Jesus Christ adore;
Him for your Lord and God proclaim,
And praise Him evermore.

Wyatt & Co. 126

For thou hast been a strength to the poor, a strength to the needy in his distress.—ISAIAH XXV. 4.

1 O GOD, our helpless souls relate,
And tune our lips and hearts with praise,
[illegible] to state,
[illegible] our health, our every friend,
[illegible] our every need,
Kind Father of the poor.

5 Yet these, new rising from the tomb,
With lustre brighter far shall shine,
Revive with ever-during bloom,
Safe from diseases and decline.

S. M. 142

1 My life's a narrow span,
A short, uncertain day;
And if I reach the age of man,
It soon shall pass away.

2 I may, for aught I know,
This hour the summons hear,
To call me where the wicked go,
Or where the saints appear.

Though friends and [illegible] around us change
And time flies on apace.

2 We'll not forget the Sunday School,
Where hopes of sin forgiven
Through him alone, who [illegible] souls,
Allure our souls to heaven.

3 We'll not forget the Sunday School,
Which taught us to beware
Of Satan's foul, deceitful arts,
Our youthful souls t' ensnare.

4 We'll not forget the Sunday School,
Nor friends that [illegible] we found,
Who strove to lead us [illegible]
To them our hearts are bound.

5 We'll follow in their footsteps [illegible]
And teach, and sing, and [illegible]
Keep them and [illegible] Lord, in [illegible]
Till we shall meet [illegible]

The loss we feel ashamed.

3 Yet sinners trifle, young and old,
Until their dying day:
Then they would give a world of gold
To have an hour to pray.

4 O then, lest we should perish thus,
Let us no longer wait;
For time will soon be past with us,
And death must fix our state.

L. M. 144 WATTS.

1 THERE is an hour when I must die,
Nor do I know how soon it will come,

How negligent we live!

3 We for whose sake all nature stands,
And stars their courses move;
We, for whose guard the angel bands
Come flying from above.

4 We, for whom God the Son came down,
And laboured for our good,—
How careless to secure that crown
He purchased with his blood.

5 Lord, shall we live so sluggish still,
And never act our parts?
Come, Holy Dove, from th' heavenly hill,
And warm our frozen hearts.

6 Give us with united warmth to move,
With vigorous souls to rise,
Wing'd with our daily prayers, and wings of love
To fly and take the prize.

1 ON Jordon's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

2 All o'er those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

3 No chilling winds, or poisonous breath,
Can reach that beautiful shore;
[illegible] sorrow, pain and death,
[illegible] fall and fade no more.

God in Jesus reconciled,
A poor prodigal, receive me,
As thine own adopted child;
In thy mercy's arms embrace,
Kiss the sorrow from my face.

3 Though my sins reach up to heaven,
Higher still thy mercies rise;
Infinite my sin forgiven
How shall I thy goodness prize?
Let me all thy goodness prove,
Let me infinitely love.

8's and 6's. 126 WESLEY

1 BE it my only wisdom here,
To serve the Lord with filial fear,
With loving gratitude:
Superior sense may I display,
By shunning every evil way,
And walking in the good.

4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross the narrow sea;
And linger shiv'ring on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbeclouded eyes.

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

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1 THIS morning, Lord, attend,
While we are bowed in prayer;
And from thy glorious throne descend,
And in our midst appear.

2 Make this thy dwelling-place,
While we assembled stay;
Visit each youthful soul with grace,
And wash our sins away.

3 O let this morning be
Devoted to thy ways;
And consecrate our school to thee,
And all each long with praise.

4 To child and teacher, Lord,
Be thy best blessings given;
And may we all, with one accord,
Make sure our way to heaven.

4 The voice of this alarming scene
May every heart obey:
Nor be the heavenly warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray.

L. M. 148 Wesley.

1 HE comes! he comes! the Judge severe,
The seventh trumpet speaks him near;
His lightnings flash, his thunders roll,
How welcome to the faithful soul!

2 From heaven angelic voices sound;
See the Almighty Jesus crown'd!

The tuneful praises, raised so high,
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all the powers of darkness fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And mouth the thanks I cannot speak.

4 But O! when that last conflict's o'er,
And I am claimed to dwell [illegible]
With what glad accents [illegible]
To join the [illegible]

5 Soon shall I learn the [illegible]
Which echo o'er the [illegible]
And emulate with joy [illegible]
The glowing [illegible]

6 The cheerful [illegible]
Long as [illegible]
A [illegible]
Demands and [illegible] eternity.

Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near.—ISAIAH lv. 6.

1 O Lord, to thee I bend my knee
And lift my heart and voice to thee;
Hear what a child can say;
For though thou art the Lord most high,
Thy word hast said that thou art nigh
When those who fear thee pray.

2 I come to thee, for thou art Love;
It is in thee I live and move,
And all I have is thine;
It is thy love and care that sends
My health and strength, my food and friends,
If I may call them mine.

3 I prize the grace which sent thy Son
To die for crimes that I have done;
On him my faith would look;
Grant for his sake the strength I need,
My sins in thought, and word, and deed,
Oh, take them from thy book!

4 While here on earth I wait thy will,
Oh, guard, and guide, and bless me still,
And save me when I die:
Then, when my days on earth are past,
My soul shall dwell with thee at last,
To praise thee in the sky.

7's and 6's. 130

Then came she, and worshipped him, saying, Lord help me.—MATTHEW xv. 25.

1 JESUS, hear me! I would pray;
Children oft hast thou befriended;
Turn, oh, turn me not away,
Now thou art to heaven ascended.

2 Not less pitying, surely, now,
On thy throne of glory seated,
Than when here, a stranger, thou
Wert to bless young babes entreated.

3 Jesus, hear me, shed thy grace,
Look in mercy, grant thy blessing;
There is nothing in this place,
Half so worthy of possessing.

L. M. 131

The Spirit of truth which proceeded from the Father, he shall testify of me.—Jesus iv. 26.

1 MY Father, when I come to thee
I would not only bend the knee,
But with my spirit seek thy face,—
With my whole heart desire thy grace.

2 My Saviour, guide me with thine eye;
My sins forgive, my wants supply;

With favour crown my youthful days,
And my whole life shall speak thy praise.

5 Thy Holy Spirit, Lord, impart;
Impress thy likeness on my heart;
May I obey thy truth in love,
Till raised to dwell with thee above.

C. M. 132

O that my ways were directed to keep thy statutes!—Psalm cxix. 5.

1 O THAT the Lord would guide my ways
To keep his statutes still!
O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will.

2 O send thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart;
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

3 Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

4 Make me to walk in thy commands,
'Tis delightful road;
Nor let my feet, or heart, or hands
Offend against my God.

C. M. 133

Working in you that which is well-pleasing in his sight.—Hebrews xiii. 21.

1 LORD, we address thy heavenly throne:
Though children, call us thine;
O hear us when we pray to thee,
And form our hearts divine!

2 Give us an humble, active mind,
From sloth and folly free;
Give us a cheerful heart, inclined
To truth and piety.

3 A faithful memory bestow,
Our minds with wisdom store;
And still, O Lord, as more we know,
May we obey thee more.

C. M. 134

Hear thou from thy dwelling place, even from heaven; and when thou hearest, forgive.—2 Chron. vi. 21.

1 HEAR, Lord, the song of praise and prayer,
In heaven, thy dwelling place,
From children made the public care,
And taught to seek thy face?

2 Thanks for thy word, and for thy day;
And grant us, we implore,
Never to waste, in sinful play,
Thy holy Sabbaths more.

L. M. 135

My house shall be called the house of Prayer.—Matt. xxi. 13.

1 IN God's own house for me to pray,
Where christians meet to hear and pray,
Is to profane his holy place,
And mock the Almighty to his face.

2 Shall others pray, and I appear
As if I had no God to fear?
Or shall I still refuse to praise,
For mercies shown me all my days?

3 Jesus, thy gracious aid afford,
Make me attentive to thy word;
Nor let me be neglectful found,
Where grace and mercy so abound.

C. M. 136 BARTON

1 FATHER of all, who dwell'st above,
Thy name be hallow'd here,
As in those realms of peace and love,
Where saints that name revere.

2 Thy kingdom come, thy will, alone,
Be done by man below;
As spirits round thy glorious throne,
Their pure obedience show.

3 Give us this day our daily bread;
Not merely outward food,
But that whereon the soul is fed,
The source of heavenly good.

4 Forgive our trespasses, as we
In pard'ning love abide;
Since none forgiveness gain from thee,
Who pardon have denied.

5 And lead us from temptation far,
From evil, Lord, restore,
For thine the power, the kingdom are,
The glory evermore.

L. M. 137

My Father, thou art the guide of my youth.—Jer. iii. 4.

1 GREAT God, and wilt thou condescend
To be my Father and my Friend,
I a poor child, and thou so high,
The Lord of earth, and air, and sky.

2 Art thou my Father? Canst thou bear
To hear my poor imperfect prayer?
Or wilt thou listen to the praise
That such a little one can raise?

3 Art thou my Father? I'll depend
Upon the care of such a friend,

And only wish to do and be,
Whatever seemeth good to thee.

4 Art thou my Father? Then, at last,
When all my days on earth are past,
Send down and take me in thy love,
To be thy better child above.

7s. 138

1 GLORY to the Father give,
God in whom we move and live;
Children's prayers he deigns to hear,
Children's songs delight his ear.

2 Glory to the Son we bring,
Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King!
Children, raise your sweetest strain,
To the Lamb, for he was slain.

3 Glory to the Holy Ghost,
Be this a day of Pentecost,
Children's minds may he inspire,
Touch their tongues with holy fire.

4 Glory in the highest be
To the blessed Trinity;
For the Gospel from above,
For the word that "God is love."

SECTION X.

DEATH, JUDGMENT, HEAVEN AND HELL.

C. M. 133 WATTS

1 THEE we adore, Eternal Name,
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms we be.

2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As days and months increase;
And every beating pulse we toll,
Leaves but the number less.

3 The year rolls round and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, wherever we be,
We're travelling to the grave.

4 Infinite joy, or endless woe,
Attends on every breath;
And yet how unconcerned we go,
Upon the brink of death!

5 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense
To walk this dangerous road;
And if our souls be hurried hence,
May they be found with God!

L. M. 140 WATTS.

1 WHY should I say, "'Tis yet too soon,
To seek for heaven or think of death?"
A flower may fade before 'tis noon,
And I this day may lose my breath.

2 If this rebellious heart of mine
Despise the gracious calls of Heaven,
I may be hardened in my sin,
And never have repentance given.

3 What if the Lord grow wroth and swear
While I refuse to read and pray,
That he'll refuse to lend an ear
To all my groans another day.

4 What if his dreadful anger burn,
While I refuse his offered grace,
And all his love to fury turn,
And strike me dead upon the place:

5 Then 'twill forever be in vain
To cry for pardon and for grace;
To wish I had my time again,
Or hope to see my Maker's face.

L. M. 141 WESLEY.

1 THE morning flowers display their sweets,
And soon their silken leaves unfold,
As careless of the noontide heats,
As fearless of the evening cold.

2 Nipp'd by the wind's unkindly blast,
Parch'd by the sun's directer ray,
The momentary glories waste,
The short-lived beauties die away.

3 So blooms the human face divine,
When youth its pride of beauty shows;
Fairer than spring the colors shine,
And sweeter than the virgin rose.

4 Or worn by slowly-rolling years,
Or broke by sickness in a day,
The fading glory disappears,
The short-lived beauties die away.

5 Yet these, new rising from the tomb,
With lustre brighter far shall shine,
Revive with ever-during bloom,
Safe from diseases and decline.

S. M. 142

1 MY life's a narrow span,
A short, uncertain day;
And if I reach the age of man,
It soon shall pass away.

2 I may, for aught I know,
This hour the summons hear,
To call me where the wicked go,
Or where the saints appear.

3 Teach me, with all my heart,
Thy mercies to embrace;
May I from every sin depart,
In this my time of grace.

C. M. 143 TAYLOR.

1 O 'TIS a folly and a crime
To put religion by;
For now is the accepted time!
To-morrow we may die.

2 Our hearts grow hardest every day,
And more depraved the mind;
The longer we neglect to pray,
The less we feel inclined.

3 Yet sinners trifle, young and old,
Until their dying day:
Then they would give a world of gold
To have an hour to pray.

4 O then, lest we should perish thus,
Let us no longer wait;
For time will soon be past with us,
And death must fix our state.

L. M. 144 WATTS.

1 THERE is an hour when I must die,
Nor do I know how soon it will come,

A thousand children, young as I,
Are called by death to hear their doom.

2 Let me improve the hours I have,
Before the day of grace is fled;
There's no repentance in the grace,
Nor pardon offered to the dead.

3 Just as a tree cut down, that fell
To north or southward, there it lies;
So man departs to heaven or hell,
Fix'd in the state wherein he dies.

C. M. 145 Stennett.

1 ON Jordon's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

2 All o'er those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

3 No chilling winds, or poi'nous breath,
Can reach that beautiful shore;
[illegible] sorrow, pain and death,
[illegible] fall and fade no more.

C. M. 142 WATTS.

1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
That heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink
To cross the narrow sea;
And linger shiv'ring on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbeclouded eyes.

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

C. M. 147 WATTS.

1 WHEN blooming youth is snatch'd away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
Which pity must demand.

2 While friendship prompts the rising sigh,
O may this truth, impress'd
With awful power, I too must die,
Sink deep in every breast.

3 Let this vain world engage no more;
Behold the gaping tomb!
It bids us seize the present hour;
To-morrow death may come.

4 The voice of this alarming scene
May every heart obey:
Nor be the heavenly warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray.

L. M. 148 WESLEY.

1 HE comes! he comes! the Judge severe,
The seventh trumpet speaks him near;
His lightnings flash, his thunders roll,
How welcome to the faithful soul!

2 From heaven angelic voices sound;
See the Almighty Jesus crown'd!

Girt with omnipotence and grace;
And glory decks the Saviour's face.

3 Descending on his azure throne,
He claims the kingdom for his own;
The kingdoms all obey his word,
And hail him their triumphant Lord.

4 Shout all the people of the sky!
And all the saints of the Most High;
Our Lord, who now his right obtains,
For ever and for ever reigns.

Ps. 142 Mrs. Martyn.

Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come.—1 Timothy, iv. 8.

1 'TIS religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures, while we live;
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die.

2 After death, its joys will be
Lasting as eternity;
Be the living God my friend,
Then my bliss shall never end.

Ps. 150

Therefore we will not fear though the earth be removed, and though the hills be carried into the midst of the sea.—Ps. xlvi. 2.

1 HAPPY the children who are gone
To live with Jesus Christ in peace;

Who stand around his glorious throne,
Redeemed by blood and saved by grace.

2 The Saviour whom they loved below,
Hath kindly wiped their tears away,
No sin, no sorrow there they know,
But dwell in one eternal day.

3 There too their golden harps they sing,
While tens of thousands join their songs;
Hosannas to the immortal King,
To whom immortal praise belongs.

4 O gracious Saviour, when shall we
Be brought with them in bliss to join;
Thy lovely countenance to see,
And sing thy mercies all divine?

L. M. 151

1 THE Judge of all shall soon come down,
Bright on his everlasting throne,
Summon the nations to his bar,
And I shall take my trial there.

2 Jesus, my advocate with God,
O wash me in thy precious blood,
That at thy last appearing I
With thy may stand near in the day.

C. M. 152

[illegible] Jer. vii. 6.

1 [illegible]
[illegible] on;

Quick as the lightning from the skies,
My wasting moments run.

2 My follies past, O God! forgive;
My every sin subdue;
And teach me henceforth how to live,
With glory in my view.

3 'Twere better I had not been born,
Than live without thy fear;
For they are wretched and forlorn
Who have their portion here.

4 O let thy spirit lead me still,
Along the happy road;
Conform me to thy holy will,
My father and my God.

S. M. 152 WATTS

1 THERE is, beyond the sky,
A heaven of joy and love;
And holy children, when they die,
Go to that world above.

2 There is a dreadful hell,
And everlasting pains;
There sinners must with devils dwell,
In darkness, fire, and chains.

3 Can such a wretch as I,
Escape this cursed end?

And may I hope, whene'er I die,
I shall to heaven ascend?

4 Then will I read and pray,
While I have life and breath;
Lest I should be cut off to-day,
And sent to endless death.

8's. 154

It doth not yet appear what we shall be.—1 John, iii. 2.

1 WE sing of the realms of the blest,
That country so bright and so fair;
And oft are its glories confess'd,
But what will it be to be there?

2 We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation and care,
From trials without and within,—
But what must it be to be there!

3 We speak of its service of love,
Of robes which the glorified wear;
The church of the first-born above,—
But what must it be to be there!

4 Do thou, Lord, midst pleasure or woe,
Still for heaven our spirits prepare;
And shortly we also shall know,
And feel what it is to be there!

SECTION XI.

TIMES AND SEASONS.

6's and 8's. 153 WESLEY.

New Year.

1 THE Lord of earth and sky,
The God of ages praise,
Who reigns enthroned on high,—
Ancient of endless days;
Who lengthens out our trials here,
And spares us yet another year.

2 Barren and wither'd trees,
We cumber'd long the ground;
No fruit of holiness
On our dead souls was found;
Yet doth he thus in mercy spare,
Another and another year.

3 When justice bared the sword,
To cut the fig-tree down,
The pity of our Lord
Cried, "Let it still alone."
The Father still inclines his ear,
And spares us yet another year.

4 Jesus, thy quickening blood,
From God obtained the grace,

Who, therefore, hath bestowed
On us a longer space;
Thou didst in our behalf appear,
And lo! we see another year.

7's. 156

1 SEE! another year is gone!
Quickly have the seasons pass'd!
This we enter now upon,
Will to many prove the last.

2 Some we now no longer see,
Who their mortal race have run,
Seem'd as fair for life as we,
When the former year begun.

3 Some—but who God only knows—
Who are here assembled now,
Ere the present year shall close,
To the stroke of death must bow.

4 Mercy hitherto has spared,
But have mercies been improved?
Let us ask, "Am I prepared,
Should I be this year removed?"

L. M. 157 STRELE.

1 ALMIGHTY Maker of my frame,
Teach me the measure of my days;

Teach me to know how frail I am,
And spend the remnant to thy praise.

2 My days are shorter than a span,
A little point my life appears;
How frail, at best, is dying man,
How vain are all his hopes and fears.

3 Vain his ambition, noise and show,
Vain are the cares which rack his mind;
He heaps up treasures mixed with woe,
And dies and leaves them all behind.

4 O be a nobler portion mine!
My God, I bow before thy throne;
Earth's fleeting treasures I resign;
And fix my hopes on thee alone.

7s. 153 DODDRIDGE.

Christmas.

1 HARK, the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled.

2 Joyful all ye nations rise,
Join the triumphs of the skies;
Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail the Sun of Righteousness.

3 Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more might die;
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

4 Come, Desire of nations, come,
Fix in us thy humble home;
Rise, the woman's promised Seed,
Bruise in us the serpent's head.

5 Glory to the new-born King!
Let us all the anthem sing,
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled.

P. M. 159 HERSE.

The Same.

1 BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning.
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid.
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lays his head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him in slumbers reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

3 Say, shall we yield him in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom and off'rings divine;

Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forests and gold from the mine.

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly, with gold, would his favour secure;
Richer, by far, is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

C. M 160

The Same.

1 LET children bless the Saviour's name,
And sing his wond'rous grace;
Who from the realms of glory came,
To save our sinful race.

2 Though he was rich in heaven above,
From all eternity,
He left his greatness out of love,
For sinners such as we.

3 The poorest child is scarce so poor,
As Jesus Christ became:
When our salvation to procure,
He bore our sins and shame.

4 A manger for his cradle bed
Received him at his birth;
He had not where to lay his head,
Though Lord of heaven and earth.

5 Lord Jesus! while we sing thy grace,
We love thee and adore;
But when in heaven we see thy face,
Our souls shall love thee more.

7s. 161 JAMES.

The Same.

1 LET us chant the solemn lay,—
Let us celebrate the day,—
Hail with joy the auspicious morn
When the Son of man was born.

2 Babe of Bethl'em lowly laid!
Angels hover round thy bed,
Pausing o'er the tuneful lyre,
As they wonder and admire.

3 Hope of Israel! welcome thou—
Every tribe to thee shall bow;
Every tongue thy right proclaim;
Every land adore thy name.

C. M. 162 WHEELER.

The Resurrection of Christ.

1 YE humble souls that seek the Lord,
Chase all your fears away,
And bow with rapture down to see
The place where Jesus lay.

2 Thus low the Lord of Life was brought:
Such wonders love can do;
Thus could in death that bosom lay,
Which throb'd and bled for you.

3 But raise your eyes, and tune your songs,
The Saviour lives again;
Not all the bolts and bars of death
The Conqueror could detain.

4 High o'er the angelic bands he wears
His once dishonour'd head;
And through unnumber'd years he reigns,
Who dwelt among the dead.

5 With joy like his shall every saint
His vacant tomb survey:
Then rise with his ascending Lord,
To realms of endless day.

Ps. 162 WESLEY.

The Same.

1 CHRIST the Lord has risen to-day,
Sons of men and angels say;
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Let the glorious tidings fly.

2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the victory won:
Lo! the sepulchre is empty,
Lo! he lives in bliss and glory.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ has burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids his rise,
Christ has open'd paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King;
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Once he died, our souls to save,
Where's thy victory, boasting grave?

7s. 104 WESLEY.

The Same.

1 HAIL, the day that sees him rise,
Ravished from our wishful eyes!
Christ, awhile to mortals given,
Re-ascends his native heaven.

2 There the pompous triumph waits;
Lift your heads, eternal gates!
Wide unfold the radiant scene,
Take the King of Glory in!

3 Him though highest heaven receives,
Still he loves the earth he leaves;
Though returning to his throne,
Still he calls mankind his own.

4 Still for us he intercedes,
Prevalent his blood pleads;
Next himself we shall see, and
Hearkening to his endless praise.

5 Ever upward let us move,
Wafted on the wings of love,
Looking when our Lord shall come,
Longing, sighing, [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] WATTS.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

4 But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

5 O may the Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness;
Make every path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.

C. M. 200

The Same.

1 AND now whatever [illegible]
I'll sing my [illegible]
My confidence [illegible]
His providence [illegible]

2 But how my [illegible]
My mind [illegible]
Lord, give me [illegible]
And strength [illegible]

3 I lay my body down to [illegible]
Let angels [illegible]
And through the [illegible]
Their [illegible]

4 [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] my dust.

L.M. 167. Ken.

1 GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of Kings,
Under thine own Almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
With joy behold the judgment day.

4 Lord, let my soul forever share
The bliss of thy paternal care;
'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,
To see thy face, and sing thy love.

5 For death is life, and labour rest,
If with thy gracious presence bless'd;
Then welcome sleep or death to me
I'm still secure, for still with thee.

SECTION XII.

ANNIVERSARY.

C. M. 168

1 GREAT God, before thy sacred throne
A youthful tribe draws near;
To praise thee for thy mercies shown
Through every passing year.

2 'Tis thine indulgent care prolongs
Our transitory days:
And, in return, demands our songs
Of gratitude and praise.

3 What numbers of our helpless race
Are left to run astray;
While we are bounden to seek thy face,
And shown the narrow way.

4 When time with us shall be no more,
O may we meet above,
To sing on heaven's eternal shore,
Thy kind redeeming love.

S. M. 169

1 LET all assembled here,
On this returning day,
Review the mercies of the year,
And grateful homage pay.

2 Yes, we adore thee, Lord,
Within this sacred place;
Where oft we meet, with sweet accord,
To seek thy gracious face.

3 To thee, our God and King,
We glad hosannas raise:
O deign to hear our voices sing
The honours of thy praise!

4 Command thy blessing, Lord,
On all assembled here;
And may we still thy grace record
Through every circling year.

C. M. 170 MONTGOMERY.

1 HOSANNA, be the children's song
To Christ, the children's King;
His praise, to whom our souls belong,
Let all the children sing.

2 From little ones, to Jesus brought,
Hosannas now be heard;
Let infants at the breast be taught
To lisp that lovely word.

3 Hosanna,—here in joyful band,
Maidens and youth proclaim;
And hail with voices, hearts and hands,
The Son of David's name.

4 Hosanna — sound from hill to hill,
And spread from plain to plain;
While loudest, sweetest, clearest still,
Woods echo to the strain.

5 Hosanna — on the wings of light,
O'er earth shall sweet lays
Till morn to eve, and eve to night,
And heaven to earth reply.

6 The city to the country call,
Let rocks with peals resound;
And this their welcome, one and all,
Hosanna — praise the Lord.

7 Hosanna, then, our song shall be,
Hosanna to our King:
This is the children's jubilee,—
Let all the children sing.

L. M. 173

1 HOW great thy mercies, Lord, appear
To us through every passing year;
Thy [illegible] and [illegible]
To prove thy [illegible] divine.

2 The [illegible] to this place,
Where we [illegible] to seek thy face,
And [illegible] with a heart
[illegible] us to [illegible] part.

3 By them our wandering feet are led
To seek the courts that Christians tread,
To hear the messenger proclaim
Glad tidings through a Saviour's name.

4 Thy blessing, gracious Lord, impart,
To sanctify each youthful heart;
And send thy Holy Spirit down,
That we may live in thee alone.

5 Let thy rich flowers now descend
On every teacher, every friend;
May we with them in heaven above,
All meet to praise redeeming love.

C. M. 173

1 ON this auspicious, happy day,
What incense shall we bring?
What grateful humble homage pay
To our Almighty King?

2 Be his dread power on earth confess'd
Who 'tis by deputy shows;
What is th' employment of the blest
But to adore and love?

3 That breath which we from Heaven receive
We turn in hymns to God;
And while we [illegible] here live,
We wonder and [illegible].

4 Rescued from misery and sin,
We'll all our future days
Our great Creator's long goodness,
And live under his grace.

5 May heart and voice, and life combine
His goodness to express;
May all that hear us sing his praise,
And our Redeemer bless.

Ts and Cs 172 Peculiar.

1 We bring no glittering treasures,
No gems from earth's deep mine,
We come with simple offerings
To chant thy love divine.
Children, thy favored children,
Their voice of thanks would raise;
Father, accept our offerings,
Our song of grateful praise.

2 The dearest gift of Heaven,
Love's written word of truth,
To us in early years,
To guide our youthful youth;
We hear the wonrous tale,
The tale of Calvary;
We read of Bethlehem's glory,
From sin and sorrow free.

3 Grant us, Lord, thy blessing!
O! teach us how to pray,
That each who [illegible]
May meet [illegible]
Then where the pure are dwelling,
We'll [illegible]
And [illegible]
We'll join in [illegible]

SECTION XIII.

TEACHERS' MEETINGS.

S. M. 175. WESLEY.

1 A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to fear;
A never dying soul to save,
And [illegible]

2 To serve the present age,
My calling [illegible]
O may I all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in his sight to live,
And O thy grace to me prepare,
A faithful steward [illegible]

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,

Assured if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die.

8's and 6's. 178 WESLEY.

1 EXCEPT the LORD conduct the plan,
The best concerted schemes are vain,
And never can succeed;
We spend our wretched strength for naught;
But if our works in thee be wrought,
They shall be blest indeed.

2 Lord, if thou didst thyself inspire
Our souls with this intense desire,
Thy goodness to proclaim;
Thy glory if we now intend,
O let our thoughts begin and end,
Complete in Jesus' name.

3 O let our faith and love abound!
O let our lives to all around,
With purest lustre shine;
That all around our works may see,
And give the glory, Lord, to thee,
The heavenly Bread divine!

L. M. 179

1 MAY we who hymn the rising sun,
Be sung to Lord, with every grace;

And may thy Spirit from above,
Descend and bless our work of love.

2 Thy grace to those we teach impart,
O Lord renew each youthful heart;
Help them from every ill to flee,
And dedicate their hearts to thee.

3 May we in love to them attend,
And success in the work be found;
And many souls may we obtain,
To prove our labour's not in vain.

4 When at Christ's awful bar they stand,
O welcome them to thy right hand,
To join with us the heavenly lays,
And sing our great Redeemer's praise.

C. M. 177 [illegible]

1 BESTOW, Great God, upon our youth,
The gift of saving grace;
And let the seed of sacred truth
Fall in a fruitful place.

2 Grace is a plant, wherever it grows,
Of pure and heavenly root;
But thrives in hearts where showers and shows,
And golden suns concur to fruit.

S. M. 179

1 HOW serious is the charge,
To train the infant mind;
'Tis God alone must give the heart
To such a work inclined.

2 May we in Christian bonds,
The Christian name adorn,
By active deeds for public good,
Not mind the sinner's scorn.

3 While wicked men unite
Our youth to lead aside;
'Tis ours to show them wisdom's path,
In wisdom's path to guide.

4 Dependent, Lord, on thee,
Our humble means we bring;
We gladly join our hearts and hands,
And look for large success.

C. M. 179 WESLEY.

1 MADE apt by Thy indulgent grace,
To teach as taught by thee,
Help us to train in all Thy ways,
[illegible]

2 For this we [illegible]
[illegible] shower

To touch their hearts with filial fear,
And pure jealousy love.

3 To watch their will, in grace inclined,
Wrought in the perfect God;
And gently lead their tender mind,
And direct their souls to God.

L. M. WESLEY

1 AUTHOR of faith, we seek thy face,
For all who feel thy work begun;
Children and strangers thou in grace,
And being thy footstool children on.

2 Then meet their wants, thou knowest their
name,
Be mindful of thy youngest one;
Be tender to thy wandering lambs,
And gently in thy bosom bear.

3 In safety lead thy little flock,
From hell, the world and sin secure,
And let them first enjoy the rock,
And rejoice in their bright prince sure.

S. M.

1 [illegible] Godhead love!
[illegible]
[illegible]

2 For blessings on the rising race
We bow before thy throne;
O may the spirit of thy grace
Guide their efforts to own.

3 May children and their teachers shine
In heaven's triumphant throng,
And join to sing their Saviour's praise
In an eternal song.

L. M. 162

1 OUR hearts thy throne of grace address;
Smile on our schools, the children bless,
For Jesus' sake, who once on earth
Appear'd a child of lowly birth.

2 Bless all the plans which we devise,
May they be useful, good and wise;
While we our humble labours bend
Thy glorious kingdom to extend.

3 May children, good and bad, here learn
Our heavenly, with their parent dear;
While [illegible]
And hope leads [illegible] to the skies.

4 Grant us, [illegible] God of grace,
Now while [illegible]
And may [illegible]
Thy [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

1 LORD, [illegible] us with thy blessings,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us [illegible]
Through [illegible]

2 Thanks we give, and [illegible] to [illegible]
For the [illegible]
May the [illegible]
In our [illegible]

SECTION XIV.

[illegible]

L. M.

[illegible]

1 LORD [illegible]

2 [illegible]

3 Restore [illegible] Lord, and let us show
That we can yet obedient be;
And spend a few more hours below,
In love to [illegible] and [illegible] to thee.

C. M.

Friends of a Teacher.

1 My [illegible] thy [illegible]
In sickness [illegible]
Thy word [illegible]
On him who [illegible]

2 A sinful child I [illegible]
But when [illegible]
Thy word [illegible]
Who [illegible]

3 O help me, [illegible], to repose
On thine own [illegible] word;
All things shall [illegible] good to those
Who [illegible]

4 If [illegible]
And [illegible]
With [illegible]
To serve [illegible]

C. M.

1 My [illegible]
The [illegible] of my days,

Why was this fleeting breath renewed,
But to renew thy praise.

2 Thine arms of everlasting love
Did this weak frame sustain,
When health and life both ebbed apace
From every sinking vein.

3 Back, from the borders of the grave
At thy command I come;
Nor would I urge a speedier flight
To my celestial home.

4 Where thou appointest my abode,
There would I choose to be;
For in thy presence death is life,
And earth is heaven with thee.

C. M. 187

Death of a Teacher.

1 WHY should our tears in sorrow flow,
When God recalls his own;
And bids them leave a world of woe,
For an immortal crown?

2 Is not e'en death a gain to those
Whose life to God was given?
Gladly to earth their eyes they close,
To open them in heaven.

3 The flock must feel the shepherd's loss
And miss his tender care;
But they who bear with joy the cross,
The crown shall soonest wear.

4 Then let our sorrows cease to flow,
God has recalled his own:
But let our hearts in every woe,
Still say, "Thy will be done!"

C. M. 188

Death of a Scholar.

1 DEATH has been here and borne away
A scholar from our side;
Just in the morning of his day,
As young as we — he died.

2 Perhaps our time may be as short;
Our time may fly as fast:
O Lord, impress the solemn thought,
That this may be the last.

3 We cannot tell who next may fall
Beneath thy chast'ning rod;
One must be first, but let us all
Prepare to meet our God.

4 All needful strength is thine to give;
To thee our souls apply,
For grace to teach us how to live,
And make us fit to die.

8s and 7s. 189

The Same.

1 SISTER, thou wert mild and lovely,
Gentle as the summer breeze;
Pleasant as the air of evening,
When it floats among the trees.

2 Peaceful be thy silent slumber,
Peaceful in the grave so low;
Thou no more wilt join our numbers;
Thou no more our songs shalt know.

3 Dearest sister, thou hast left us;
Here thy loss we deeply feel;
But 'tis God who hath bereft us,
He can all our sorrows heal.

4 Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life has fled;
Then in heaven with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tear is shed.

C. M. 190

Sabbath-school.

1 TO Sabbath-school, to Sabbath-school,
Ye children haste away;
Be early at the Sabbath-school,
And never stop to play.

2 To Sabbath-school, to Sabbath-school,
This day so calm and bright,
Be ready at the Sabbath-school,
Your lesson to recite.

3 To Sabbath-school, to Sabbath-school,
The teacher's voice obey,
And listen at the Sabbath-school,
To every word they say.

4 To Sabbath-school, to Sabbath-school,
It is the place of prayer;
Be solemn at the Sabbath-school,
For God himself is there.

S. M. 161

The Sweet.

1 I LOVE the Sabbath-school,
Where happy children meet;
Where rich and poor alike may come
And sit at Jesus' feet.

2 I love the Sabbath-school,
Where children learn to pray,
And hear about the world to come,
And Jesus Christ the way.

3 I love the Sabbath-school,
And him who bought the redemption,
This sweet, this [illegible]
And gives the blessing [illegible]

4 I love the Sabbath-school
And all assembled there;
But most of all, the names by which
We come to God in prayer.

5 I love the Sabbath-school,
And hope when time is o'er,
To meet "those happy ones" above,
Upon that happy shore.

4-6's and 2-6's. 102 W. Jones.

For Canada.

1 TO Israel's King in praise,
Our souls we now employ;
To Britain's God our lays
Shall sound in notes of joy;
That Canada he deigns to bless,
And crowns our labours with success.

2 Transplanted in this land,
From nations far and wide;
And nourished by thy hand,
Which doth for all provide;
O make us plants of righteousness,
That yield a hundred fold increase.

3 While [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

While arts attempt improvements grand,
May righteousness exalt the land.

4 And while our country's morn,
We now rejoice to see;
O while a nation's born,
May it be born to thee,
And may we grow to take our place,
With nations God delights to bless.

5 Our hearts to thee we bring,
To thee we make our prayer.
Dwell in our midst, O King!
Make Canada thy care;
And as her children still increase,
Guide them to Canaan's land in peace.

Ps. [illegible] 198 [illegible]

A LITTLE CHILD'S PRAYER.

1 GENTLE Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to thee.

2 Fain I would to thee be brought;
Gracious Lord, forbid it not;
Give a little child a place
In the kingdom of thy grace.

3 I [illegible] thee [illegible] my praise,
Every [illegible] all my happy days.

[illegible] will always see
Christ, [illegible], in me.

C. M. 104 W. JEFFERS.

The Youth's Profession.

1 JESUS, I love thee in my youth,
Thou gav'st thy life for me,
Thou gav'st me all I have on earth;
I give myself to thee.

2 I'll love thee still in riper years,
My life shall all be thine;
The pleasures of this tempting world,
I [illegible] resign.

3 Greatest in life's decay, my soul
Shall love the Saviour still;
Declining years shall strengthen faith,
To climb the heavenly hill.

4 When from this earth, with [illegible] flight,
Triumphant I shall soar,
Then, Saviour, in that glorious [illegible] even
I'll love thee evermore.

5 O Jesus! thou shalt ever be
My strength, my trust, my joy;
Thy power through life, in death, in heaven,
Shall all my powers employ.

L. M. 195 Dr. Green.

Little Child's Prayer on going to bed.

1 I THANK thee, Lord, for this good day;
For clothes and food, and heart to pray;
Forgive me all my sins, O Lord!
That I may love and keep thy word.

2 And now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.
If I should die before I 'wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.

3 And when my days and nights are o'er,
Bring me to Canaan's happy shore;
Where I may dwell with parents dear,
And all who love their Saviour here.

4 These mercies, Lord, I ask of thee
For time and for eternity.
O! bless me now, and save me then,
Through Jesus Christ my Lord — *Amen.*

C. M. 196 Dessumber.

Children's Prayer.

1 THOU art our Shepherd, precious God;
Thy little flock behold;
And guide us by thy staff and rod,
The children of thy fold.

2 We praise thy name, that we are brought
To this delightful place;

Where we are watch'd and warn'd and taught,
The children of thy grace.

3 O may our friends who meet us here,
Meet us at last above;
And they and we in heaven appear,
The children of thy love.

C. M. 197 Watts.

1 WHEN I can read my title clear,
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

7's and 6's. 192 Hymn.

Missionary.

1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a peaking plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;—
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lightened
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O, Salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learn'd Messiah's name.

Wait, wait, ye winds his story,—
And you, ye waters roll,—
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till [illegible] nature,
The [illegible] tongue,
Redeeming, [illegible]
In [illegible] reign.

L. M. WATTS.

The Blest.

1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run;
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 From north to south the princes meet
To pay their homage at his feet;
While western empires own their Lord,
And savage tribes attend his word.

3 To him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless glories crown his head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

4 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his [illegible] sweet song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

C. M. 500

Remember me.

1 JESUS! thou art the sinner's friend,
As such I look to thee;
Now in the bowels of thy love,
O Lord! remember me.

2 Remember thy pure word of grace,
Remember Calvary;
Remember all thy dying groans,
And then remember me.

3 Thou wondrous Advocate with God
I yield myself to thee;
While thou art sitting on thy throne,
O Lord! remember me.

4 And when I close my eyes in death
And creature helps all flee,
Then, oh, my great Redeemer, God!
I pray remember me.

C. M. 501

Before Meat.

1 BE present at our table Lord,
Be here and everywhere adored:
These creatures bless, and grant that we
May feast in paradise with thee.

C. M. 308

After Meat.

WE thank thee, Lord, for this our food,
But more because of Jesus' blood;
Let manna to our souls be given,
The bread of life sent down from Heaven.

C. M. 309

The Change.

1 GREAT God! behold a lowly band,
And hear our humble prayer;
We bless thy kind preserving hand,
For all the good we share.

2 Once, with a sinful, hopeless throng,
E'en on thy holy day,
In sin we held our course along,
And trifled time away.

3 But now, instructed, with delight,
Thy spirit we implore,
To guide our youthful feet aright,
That we may err no more.

4 O may thy word of truth divine,
Our earnest thoughts engross,
On life's unfolding prospects shine,
And crown our growing age.

C. M. 204

Teacher's Success.

1 HOW should our souls delight to bless
The God of truth and grace,
Who crowns our labours with success
Among the rising race.

2 Their joyful tongues unite to praise
His all-redeeming love;
To him their sweet hosannas raise,
While they his mercies prove.

6's and 7's. 205

Children in Heaven.

1 CHILDREN, listen to the strains,
Echoing through the Heavenly plains!
Hear ye not the chorus sweet,
Which the happy ones repeat?
Unto him that bled and died,
Endless praises be ascribed!

2 Hosts of children praise the Lamb—
Would you know from whence they came?
They were once like you below,
But were saved from sin and woe!
O how happy now they feel—
Joys they have unspeakable!

3 Some are there from India's strand;
Some from this our favour'd land!
Some from Afric's burning plains;
Some from Greenland's cold domains;
But their songs of praise are one—
No distinction there is known.

4 Some are there whom you have known,
Deck'd with an immortal crown!
Palms of victory in their hand!
Round the throne of God they stand!
Hark! what anthems sweet they raise!
Hear ye not their songs of praise?

C. M. 206 Mrs. Brown.

True Penitence.

1 AS once the Saviour took his seat—
Attracted by his fame,
And lowly bending at his feet,
A humble suppliant came.

2 Ashamed to lift her streaming eyes
His holy glance to meet,
She poured her costly sacrifice
Upon her Saviour's feet.

3 Oppress'd with sin and sorrow's weight,
And sinking in despair,
With tears she washed his sacred feet,
And wiped them with her hair.

4 "Depart in peace," the Saviour said,
"Thy sins are all forgiven!"
The trembling sinner raised her head
In peaceful hope of heaven.

L. M. 207

The Lord's Prayer.

1 OUR Father, full of grace divine,
To thy great name be praises paid;
Thy kingdom come, thy glory shine,
And be thy will on earth obey'd.

2 Give us our bread from day to day,
And all our wants do thou supply;
With gospel truths feed us, we pray,
That we may never faint or die.

3 Extend thy grace, our hearts renew,
Our each offence in love forgive;
Teach us divine forgiveness too,
And let us free from evil live.

4 For thine's the kingdom and the power,
And all the glory waits thy name;
Let every land thy grace adore,
And sound in song their loud Amen.

L. M. 203

"Behold I stand at the door and knock."

1 BEHOLD the Saviour at the door!
He gently knocks — has knocked before,
Has waited long — is waiting still —
You use no other friend so ill.

2 Rise, touch'd with gratitude divine,
Turn out his enemy and thine;
Turn out that hateful monster sin,
And let the heavenly stranger in.

3 Admit him, ere his anger burn,
Lest he depart and no'er return;
Admit him, or the hour's at hand,
When at his door denied you'll stand.

4 Yet know, nor of the terms complain,
When Jesus comes, he comes to reign;
To reign, and with no partial sway;
Thoughts must be slain that disobey.

[illegible]

"[illegible] come unto Me."

1 THINK, when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How he call'd little children as lambs to his fold,
I should like to have been with them then.

2 I wish that his hands had been placed on my head,
That his arms had been thrown around me;
That I might have seen his kind look when he said,
"Let the little ones come unto me."

3 Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in his love;
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him and hear him above.—

4 In that beautiful home he has gone to prepare
For all who are wishful and faithful;
And many dear children are gathering there,
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

7s. 210 WESLEY.

1 SINNERS, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you why?
God who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live;
He the death of none desires,
Owns the ransom he requires,
Bids you, sinners, turn, why
Will ye perish, why will ye die?

2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you why:
God, who did your souls retrieve,
Died himself, that ye might live,
Will you let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransom'd sinners, why
Will ye slight his grace and die?

3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why:
He who all your lives hath strove,
Woo'd you to embrace his love:
Will ye not his grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
Why, you long-sought sinners, why
Will you grieve your God, and die?

C. M. 211

The Children's Friend.

1 THOU Guardian of our youthful days,
To thee our prayers ascend;
To thee we'll tune our songs of praise
Jesus! the Children's Friend.

2 From thee our daily mercies flow —
Our life and health denoted;
O save our souls from sin and woe —
Thou art the Children's Friend.

3 Teach us to prize thy holy word,
And to its truth attend;
Thus shall we learn to fear the Lord,
And love the Children's Friend.

4 O may we feel a Saviour's love—
To him our souls consecrate,
Who left his glorious throne above
To be the Children's Friend.

5 Lord, draw our youthful hearts to thee,
And when this life shall end,
Raise us to live above the sky,
With thee, the Children's Friend.

L. M. 212

The Sabbath.

1 COME, Jesus, lift our souls to thee,
From childish follies set us free;
Now move our tongues to sing thy praise,
And teach our lips thy sweetest lays.

2 O help our memory to retain,
The precious knowledge we may gain:
Keep us from sin and every snare,
And make us live a holy life.

3 Delightful Sabbaths! when we meet,
Our pleasant hours are spent in prayer;
Dear Saviour, let thy grace descend,
To that long Sabbath in the skies.

C. M. 213

He shall gather the lambs with his arms, and carry them in his bosom.—ISAIAH, xl. 11.

1 YOUNG children once to Jesus came,
His blessing to entreat;
And I may humbly do the same,
Before his mercy seat.

2 For when their feeble hands were spread,
And bent each infant knee;
Forbid them not," the Saviour said,
And so he says to me.

3 Well pleased these little ones to see,
The dear Redeemer smiled;
Oh, then, he will not frown on me,
A poor unworthy child.

4 If babes, so many years ago
His tender pity drew,
He will not surely let me go
Without a blessing, too.

5 Then while, this favour to implore,
My youthful hands are spread,
Do thou thy sacred blessing pour,
Dear Jesus, on my head.

8's and 7's. **214**

"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not."

1 JESUS Christ loves little children,
And he waits to do them good;
Should not children then love Jesus?
Yes, indeed, they always should.

2 When they sing a hymn to praise him,
He delights that hymn to hear;
When they kneel to pray unto him,
He attends, for he is near.

3 He can keep them safe from danger,
Guide them all the time they live;
Then let children come to Jesus,
Who has so much good to give.

C. M. **215** WESLEY.

1 HOW happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven!
This earth, he cries, is not my place,
I seek my place in heaven:

2 A country far from mortal sight,
Yet, O! by faith I see
The land of rest, the saints' delight
The heaven prepared for me.

3 A stranger in the world below,
I calmly sojourn here;
Nor can its happiness or woe,
Provoke my hope or fear.

4 Its evils in a moment end:
Its joys as soon are passed;
But, O! the bliss to which I tend,
Eternally shall last.

C. M. 218 WATTS.

Thanks for Christian Privileges.

1 LORD, I ascribe it to thy grace,
And not to chance, as others do,
That I was born of Christian race,
And not a heathen or a Jew.

2 What would the ancient Jewish kings,
And Jewish prophets once have given,
Could they have heard those glorious things,
Which Christ reveal'd and bro't from heav'n.

3 How glad the heathen would have been,
That worship'd idols, wood and stone,
If they the book of God had seen,
Or Jesus and his gospel known!

4 Then if this gospel I refuse,
How shall I e'er lift up mine eyes;
For all the Gentiles and the Jews
Against me will in judgment rise.

11's. 217 MUHLENBERG.

I would not Live Alway.

I WOULD not live alway: I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here,
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

2 I would not live alway; no, welcome the tomb,
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom;
There sweet be my rest till he bids me arise,
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

3 Who, who would live alway, away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noon-tide of glory eternally reigns?

4 There saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet:
While anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

C. M. 218

Christ's Invitation.

1 OUR Saviour bids the Children come;
He bids us come to him;

And as in other days, he spreads
His arms to take us in.

2 Forever blessed be his name;
No earthly love like his!
O may it draw our hearts to him,
And to the world of bliss!

3 There may we come at last to sing
In nobler strains his praise;
And join the little ones who stand
Before our Father's face.

C. M. 219

The Christian Soldier.

1 AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies,
On flowery beds of ease;
While others fought to win the prize,
And sail'd through bloody seas!

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend of grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure, I must fight, if I would reign:
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

P. M 220

Parting.

1 HERE we suffer grief and pain,
Here we meet to part again;
In heaven we part no more.
Chorus—O that will be joyful!
Joyful, joyful, joyful!
O that will be joyful!
When we meet to part no more!

2 All who love the Lord below,
When they die to heaven will go,
And sing with saints above.
O that will be joyful, &c.

3 Holy children will be there,
Who have sought the Lord by prayer,
From every Sunday-school.
O that will be joyful, &c.

4 Teachers, too, shall meet above,
And our pastors, whom we love,
Shall meet to part no more.
O that will be joyful, &c.

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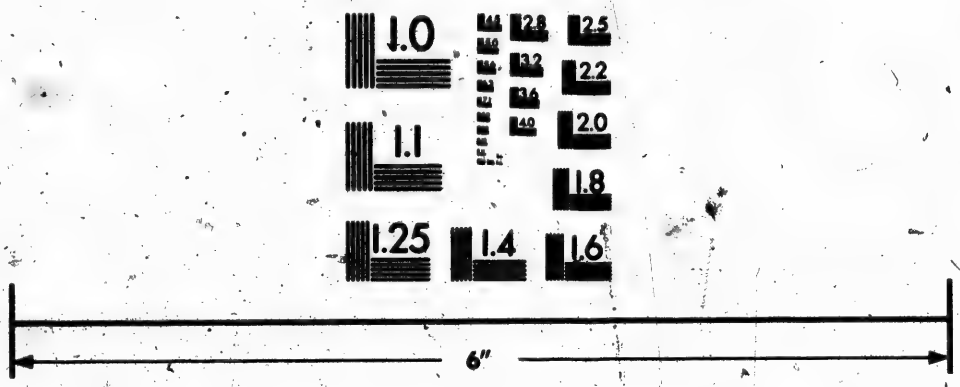

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5 O how happy we shall be!
For our Saviour we shall see,
Exalted on his throne!
O that will be joyful, &c.

6 There we all shall sing with joy,
And eternity employ,
In praising Christ the Lord.
O that will be joyful, &c.

SECTION XV.

DOXOLOGIES.

L. M. 221 BISHOP KEN

PRAISE God from whom all blessings flow
Praise him all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

4-6's and 2-6's. 222 WESLEY.

ALMIGHTY God, to thee
Be endless honours done,
The undivided Three,
And the mysterious One;
Where reason fails with all her powers,
There faith prevails, and love adores.

8's and 7's. **223** NEWTON.

1 MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above.

2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

7's. **224**

FATHER, Son and Holy Ghost,
One in three, and three in one,
As by the celestial host,
Let thy will on earth be done:
Praise by all to thee be given,
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven.

8-8's. **225**

IMMORTAL honours, endless fame
Attend th' Almighty Father's name;
The Saviour Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died;
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Comforter, to Thee!

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

ANNIVERSARIES.

220

We come with song to greet you.

1 ANOTHER year has passed away,
Time swiftly speeds along;
We come again to praise and pray,
And sing our greeting song.

Chorus—
We come, we come, we come with song to greet you,
We come, we come, we come with song again.

2 We come, the Saviour's name to praise,
To sing the wondrous love
Of him who guards us all our days,
And guides to heaven above.
We come, &c.

3 We'll sing of mercies daily given,
Through every passing year,
We'll sing the promises of heaven,
With voices loud and clear.
We come, &c.

227

Sunday-school Celebration.

1 O COME, let us sing!
Our youthful hearts now swelling,
To God above, a God of love —
O come, let us sing!
Our joyful spirits, glad and free,
With high emotions rise to thee
In heavenly melody —
O come, let us sing!

2 The full notes prolong
Our festal celebration:
We hail the day with cheerful lay,
And full notes prolong.
But cheerful youth and silvery age,
And childhood pure, the gay, the sage,
These thrilling scenes engage,
Full notes to prolong.

3 O swell, swell the song,
His praises oft repeating;
His Son he gave our souls to save —
O swell, swell the song!
The humble heart's devotion bring,
Whence gushing streams of love do spring,
And make the welkin ring
With sweet-swelling song.

4 We'll chant, chant his praise —
Our lofty strains now bending;
A tribute bring to Christ our King,
And chant, chant his praise.
Our Saviour, Prince, was crucified:
"'Tis finish'd," thus he meekly cried,
And bow'd his head and died —
Then chant, chant his praise!

5 All full chorus join —
To Jesus condescending
To bless our race with heavenly grace,
All full chorus join!
To God, whose mercy on us smiled,
And Holy Spirit reconciled
By Christ, the meek and mild,
All full chorus join!

8s and 6s. 120

Anniversary Hymn.

1 ALMIGHTY God! to thee we raise
Our tribute of united praise,
On this returning day;
Teachers and children meet once more,
Thy sparing mercy to adore,
And for thy grace to pray.

2 Before thy face, O Lord, we stand,
A large and still increasing band,
Thy blessings now to seek;

While our glad voices thus combine,
O, touch our hearts with grace divine,
That we thy praise may speak.

3 Our happy eyes this day behold
What kings and righteous men of old
Desired in vain to see;
And we shall see yet greater things,
When thou, Almighty King of kings!
Shalt draw all men to thee.

4 Lord Jesus! let the rising race
Become the children of thy grace,
To reign with thee above;
Into thy fold the wand'rers bring,
That they, with us, may learn to sing
The wonders of thy love.

L. M. 120

By the Children and Choir.

CHILDREN.

1 RICH is the sacred song that swells
Where God in light and glory dwells,
What joyful choir their notes combine?
Who utter music so divine?

CHORUS.

2 'Tis the sweet song of spotless love,
Which ransom'd children sing above:
Early to God their hearts were given,
And now they dwell with him in heaven.

CHILDREN.

3 O, who may hope with them to be,
And join their tones of harmony?
Who can escape from earth and sin,
And pure and holy be within?

CHOIR.

4 In strength divine the youngest may
Begin a holy life to-day;
Through him that loved us, hopes remain,
That none shall seek the Lord in vain.

CHORUS.

5 Dear Saviour, may thy Spirit's call
Produce the best effects on all:
Thine be the remnant of our days,
And every breath be love and praise.

P. M. 230

Rural Celebration.

1 HAIL, great Creator, wise and good!
To thee our songs we raise:
Nature, through all her various scenes,
Invites us to thy praise.

2 Thy glory beams in every star
Which gilds the gloom of night,
And decks the smiling face of morn
With rays of cheerful light.

3 The lofty hill, the humble vale,
With countless beauties shine;
The silent grove, the vocal shores,
Proclaim thy power divine.

4 Great God of nature! may these scenes
Our serious thoughts engage:
Still may our grateful hearts consult
Thy works' instructive page.

5 And while in all above, around,
Thy varied love we see,
O may our hearts, great God, be led
Through all thy works to thee!

C. M. 231

Sunday-school Celebration.

1 LORD, we are spared again to meet
On this rejoicing day,
To bow before thy mercy seat,
To praise thee and to pray.

2 Many, since last we gather'd here,
Have pass'd away like flowers;
Perhaps, before another year,
Their dwelling may be ours!

3 To Jesus every eye we raise—
On him for mercy rest:
Young children, in his mortal days,
He folded to his breast.

4 Young children, at his Father's side,
He still with pity views;

And, pleading that for such he died,
Their sinful hearts renews.

5 Lord, to thine open arms we fly
And seek our safety there:
Then shall we have no fear to die,
If thou our hearts prepare.

8s and 7s. 232

Invitation and Response.

TEACHERS.

1 COME, ye children, and adore him —
Lord of all, he reigns above;
Come and worship now before him —
He hath called you by his love.
He will grant you every blessing
Of his all-abounding grace;
Come, with humble hearts expressing
All your gratitude and praise.

CHILDREN.

2 On this holy day of gladness
We will join his glorious name;
Every bosom free from sadness,
All with happiness inflame.
O to feel the love of Jesus!
O to know that from above,
Still our heavenly Father sees us
With an eye of tender love!

TEACHERS.

3 Dearest children, now adore him;
  Swell aloud the joyful strain;
Let the nations now behold him—
  Echo back the notes again.
While we sing, accept the praises
  E'en from every heart and tongue.
Those to him an infant raises,
  Still are sweetest of the song.

CHILDREN.

4 Lord of all, our hearts' oblation
  Now ascends to thee above;
We would come, with all the nations,
  Now to worship at thy throne.
Teachers! will you join the chorus?
  Join in hymning forth his praise,
Who, for our redemption, opens
  All the riches of his grace.

TEACHERS AND CHILDREN.

5 Praise to thee, O Lord, forever!
  Gladly now we all unite;
Praise to thee, O God, the giver,
  Blessed Lord of life and light!
[illegible]
  [illegible] glory ever!
All his [illegible] and his glory,
  O [illegible]!

L. M. 222

Prayer for Help and Guidance.

1 OUR Father, bless the youthful band
That humbly bow before thee here;
Uphold us by thy mighty hand,
And keep us in thy sight and fear.

2 O fill our minds with thoughts of thee,
Help us to walk as in thy sight;
Grant us thy grace from sin to flee,
And in the ways of truth delight.

3 And O! when life's short day is done,—
Its cares, its pains, its labours o'er,—
Grant, through the merits of thy Son,
That we may meet to part no more!

4 In that blest home, that better land,
To which our longing eyes we raise,
A happy ransomed, glorious band,
Together may we sing thy praise.

C. M. 223

Our Care of Children.

1 WE thank thee, Lord, our God and King,
Who gives to us all things,
Who gives to every living thing
Its needful food.

2 God sets the glorious sun in heaven,
By day to give us light;
And draws the starry shades of even
Around us every night.

3 His ear is open to our prayer,
His mercy never fails;
And we may sing his tender care,
For still his love prevails.

4 In him may youthful hearts rejoice,
And hallelujah sing;
While men of might lift up their voice,
To bless our God and King.

6's and 7's. 225

Sabbath Morning.

1 SAFELY through another week
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to-day:
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

2 While we [illegible] supplies of grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciled face,
Take away our sin and shame;

From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in thee.

3 As we meet, thy name to praise,
Let us feel thy presence near;
May thy glory meet our eyes
While we in thy house appear;
There afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

4 May the gospel's joyful sound,
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound;
Bring relief from all complaints:
Thus [illegible] all our Sabbaths prove,
Ripening [illegible] join the Church above.

[illegible] 228

[illegible] Teaching Sought.

1 HOLY Lord, our hearts prepare
For the solemn work of prayer;
Grant that while we bend the knee,
All our thoughts may turn to thee;
Let thy presence here be [illegible]
Breathing peace and joy [illegible]

2 While we come around thy throne,
Make thy power and glory known;

As thy children may we call
On our Father, Lord of all;
And with holy love and fear
At thy footstool now appear.

3 Teach us, while we breathe our woes
On thy promise to repose;
All thy tender love to trace
In the Saviour's work of grace;
Let us all in faith depend
On a gracious God and Friend.

L. M. 227

Father, hear us.

1 ONCE more assembled on thy d[illegible]
O Father, hear us when we [illegible]
And teach us thankfully to ow[illegible]
The love that draws us near th[illegible]

2 Lord, let thy grace our souls inspire,
With holy love and heavenly fire;
And let our songs of praise arise
In grateful incense to the skies.

3 O may our faith on wings of love
Soar upward to the realms above;
And grant us fervency in prayer,
That we thy richest grace may share.

8's and 7's. 238

Object and End of Sunday-schools.

1 ON this holy Sabbath morning,
We again together meet,
To unite our hearts and voices,
And approach the mercy-seat.

2 Lord, may we possess a spirit
In accordance with thy word;
Feeling, praying, acting, giving,
That thy name be spread abroad.

3 Here we come to search the Scriptures,
Here our offrings, too, we bring,
That the wilderness may blossom,
And the desert places sing.

4 That the many now in darkness
May arise to light divine;
[illegible] Gospel in its brightness
O'er the darken'd earth may shine.

THE LORD'S DAY.

L. M. 239

The Day of Rest.

1 O FOR a sweet, a holy calm,
To rest upon my soul to-day;
That sacred peace, which, like a balm,
The pains of care can take away!

2 From the long labour of the week,
The toil of spirits ill at ease;
Gladly would I refreshment seek,
In such delightful scenes as these.

3 The Christian Sabbath, to mankind—
A day of sacred rest is given:
An emblem to the peaceful mind—
A foretaste of the joys of heaven.

4 Come, heavenly spirit, light and peace,
And every holy gift are thine;
Grant me, this day, thy rich increase,
And with new kindred glory shine.

L. M. 240

The Day of Rest.

1 THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
The day to us in mercy given:
The holy Sabbath of his rest,
The pledge and type of rest in heaven.

2 Lord, in thy presence we would join
To thee devote this sacred day;
Our earthly cares and thoughts resign,
Look up to heaven, and pray and praise.

3 May we by every [illegible]
In grace, humility, and love;

And thus the holy rest below
Shall fit us for thy rest above.

L. M. 541

Joy in the Sabbath.

1 WELCOME, sweet morn, we hail with joy
Thy holy light, thy blest employ;
And come, a little favoured band,
One sacred hour with Christ to spend.

2 Our youthful hearts would humbly pray
That he will bless our school to-day;
To him our joyful notes of praise
With one united voice we raise.

3 An offering to our heavenly King
Of gladd hosannas now we bring!
And hope at last in his embrace,
Secure, [illegible] to find a place.

4 O [illegible] our constant prayer,
That we may have his blessings share;
Then go and live at Christ's right hand
A joyful, happy, favoured band.

L. M. 242

Morning Hymn.

1 AGAIN returns the Sabbath day,
Another week has passed away;
Again we meet to serve the Lord,
To sing his love and read his Word.

2 Before our God let us appear
With rev'rence and with holy fear;
Let every knee before him bend,
Our Judge, our Saviour, and our Friend.

3 Let our united voices rise
In songs of praises to the skies;
To him who hears our humble cry,
And sees us with a Father's eye.

C. M. 243

Love for God's Day and House.

1 I LOVE the blessed Sabbath-day,
Which God has kindly given;
When we may meet to praise and pray,
And learn the way to heaven:
It leads our wandering thoughts to Him,
Who reigns in heaven above;
And makes the joy of earth grow dim,
While thinking on his love.

2 I love to hear that Jesus died,
And how he rose again,
Exalted at his Father's side,
A Saviour prince to reign.
To him the pure angelic throng
Raise their sublime strain,
And yet a child's seraphic song
His list'ning ear may gain.

3 I love to sing on earth his grace
To fallen sinful man;
But, when in glory, him I'll praise
More than the angels can.
Then will we sing in louder strain,
Through all eternity,
Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,
To him all glory be.

L. M. 244

The Joys of the Sabbath.

1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth in night.

2 Sweet is the [illegible]
No music [illegible] my breast;
O [illegible]
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

3 When grace has purified my heart,
Then I shall share a glorious part;
And fresh supplies of joy be shed,
Like holy oil to cheer my head.

4 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

C. M. 245.

Sabbath-school Teacher's Prayer.

1 TEACHER divine! we bow the knee,
Submissive, at thy throne;
Our fervent cry we raise to thee:
Ah! leave us not alone.

2 In vain we teach, unless thy grace
Instruct each tender heart:
Then deign to hear, hide not thy face,
Thy spirit, Lord, impart.

3 Without thee we can nothing do,
But turn from thee stray;

O! change our hearts, our minds renew,
And teach us how to pray.

4 And may the sacred tie of love
Bind us together here;
A foretaste give of joys above,
Life's pilgrimage to cheer.

5 Thus while on earth we would adore,
When death shall close our eyes,
May teachers, children, meet once more,
Transplanted to the skies.

L. M. 246

Prayer for Children.

1 DEAR Saviour, if these Lambs should stray
From thy secure enclosure's bound;
And, lured by earthly joys away,
Among the thoughtless crowd be found,—

2 In all their erring, sinful years,
O let them ne'er forgotten be;
Remember all the prayers and tears
Which have devoted them to thee.

3 And when these lips no more can pray,
These eyes can weep for them no more,
Turn thou their feet from folly's way,
The wand'rers to thy fold restore.

L. M. 247

1 ETERNAL Being! Source of love,
Permit us to approach thy seat!
We have an Advocate above,
And plead his merits at thy feet.

2 Us thou hast called to labour here,
To train the rising race for heaven!
O may we do it in thy fear,
And use the talents thou hast given.

3 What can we do without thine aid?
Therefore to thee for help we fly:
O may we never be dismay'd,
For thou canst every want supply.

4 In some thy love a work was wrought,
Which time we trust will not efface;
May all their tender minds be brought
To taste the riches of thy grace.

6's and 7's.

Thanks to God.

1 FATHER! [illegible] above,
[illegible] we [illegible] love;
[illegible]
Grateful songs [illegible]

2 Thanks for Sunday-Schools so dear,
Where we're taught thy word and fear,
From that Holy Book of thine,
Fill'd with precious truths divine.

3 Saviour! hold all earthly pride,
Through the cares and ills of life,
May the precepts thou hast given,
Guide us in the path to heaven.

C. M.

Sabbath-school Hymn.

1 O THOU! who when upon our sphere
Wast merciful and mild,
Be now, we pray, christ-like near
To bless each little child.

2 Here we have met to learn thy word,
And read, and praise, and pray;
And here we join with one accord
To seek the narrow way.

3 O, listen to our songs of praise,
Of [illegible]
And, when [illegible] days,
Great [illegible]

4 A home above! O yes, for this
We'll gladly labour on,
Until we join our friends in bliss
Before the Saviour's throne.

C. M. 185

The Sabbath-school.

1 SWEET Sabbath-school, close due to you
[illegible]
My hearts will [illegible] to thee,
My children's [illegible] home.

2 Within thy courts of Him I've heard,
Whose [illegible]
When o'er the [illegible]
The star [illegible]

3 O holy place! where first we shed
The pen[illegible]
Where you[illegible]
In [illegible]

4 When all our [illegible] here shall cease,
In God's [illegible]
May we [illegible]

EARLY PIETY.

L. M. 251

Remember thy Creator.

1 DEAR children, now remember God,
While health's full current flows;
Ere o'er your youth affliction's cloud
Its saddening shadow throws.

2 Remember him, while now life's spring
[illegible]
[illegible] with winter bring,
[illegible] to end.

3 Let memory then your words retain,
[illegible] pain—
[illegible] my face,
Shall never [illegible]

4 And [illegible] on high,
Thus [illegible]
Be this [illegible] my,
"O Lord, [illegible]"

C. M. 252

Life a Summer's day.

1 THIS life is but a summer's day
Of shadows and of light;
Its brightest sunbeams pass away,
And soon give place to night.
Fair childhood is the early dawn,
And youth to morning gay;
Manhood's the noon, so quickly gone,
And age the evening ray.

2 This life was giv'n us to prepare
For that which is to come;
O may I gain admittance there,
And find a heavenly home!
And will the Lord my sins forgive
Through his redeeming love,
And bid me to his glory live,
And write my name above?

C. M. 253

Children may come.

1 I KNOW that I am but a child—
Yet children young as I
Have often sought and found the Lord,
And thus prepared to die.

2 And in his holy Word I read,
That those who seek in youth
Shall surely taste his pard'ning love,
And find the way of truth.

3 How careless, then, in me to live,
As none would dare to die!
With active zeal I should secure
A home beyond the sky.

4 How much I need the grace of God
To keep this thought alive!
Whoever gains the Christian's crown
Must, like the Christian, strive.

7 and 6s. 254

Remember thy Creator.

1 REMEMBER thy Creator
While youth's fair spring is bright;
Before thy cares are greater,
Before comes age's night;
While yet the sun shines o'er thee,
While stars the darkness cheer;
While life is all before thee,
Thy great Creator fear.

2 Remember thy Creator,
Before the dust returns,

To earth — for 'tis its nature —
And life's last ember dying.
Before the God who gave it
The spirit shall appear;
He cries who died to save it,
Thy great Creator fear.

C. M.

355

I am to Live forever.

1 THE sun that lights the world shall fade,
The stars shall pass away;
But I, a child, immortal made,
Shall witness their decay.

2 Yea, I shall live when they are dead,
Though now so bright they shine;
When earth and all it holds, are fled,
Eternity is mine.

3 For I shall never, never die,
While God himself remains;
But either live in heaven on high
Or bound in hell in chains.

4 If heaven and hell will never pass away,
To Christ, O fly the flame;
If pain be hard for one short day,
What must forever be?

C. M. 256

The Wise Choice.

1 WHY should we spend our youthful days
In folly and in sin,
When wisdom shows her pleasant ways,
And bids us walk therein?

2 Folly and sin our peace destroy;
They glitter and are past:
They yield us but a moment's joy,
And end in death at last.

3 But if true wisdom we possess,
Our joys shall never cease;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

4 O may we in our youthful days,
Attend to wisdom's voice;
And make these holy, happy ways,
Our own delightful choice!

7s and 6s. 257

God will be our Guide.

1 BLEST, beyond all earthly blessing,
Is the child whose tender youth,
In the Lord a guide possessing,
Walks in paths of light and truth.

2 He will govern those who love him,
Those who walk in faith and fear,
In all dangers still shall prove him,
Gracious, kind, and ever near.

3 Heavenly Father, let us prove thee
An all-wise, protecting Friend!
Make us fear thee, make us love thee
Constant, to our latest end!

S. M. 252

Progress and Consequence of Sin.

1 OUR evil actions spring
From small and hidden seeds;
At first we think some wicked thing,
Then practice sinful deeds.

2 Wherever sin begins,
It tends to death and woe;
And he who heeds not little sins,
A sinner's doom shall know.

3 O for a holy fear,
Of every evil way,
That we may never venture near
The path that leads astray.

L. M. 259

Samuel.

1 ONCE in the silence of the night,
The lamp of God was clear and bright;
And there, by holy angels kept,
Samuel, the child, securely slept.

2 An unknown voice, the stillness broke;
"Samuel," it called, and thrice it spoke:
He rose — he asked whence came the word!
From Eli? no, it was the Lord.

3 Thus early call'd to serve his God,
The paths of righteousness he trod.
Wisdom and mercy ruled his breast,
And Israel, taught by him, was blest.

4 Speak, Lord, and from our earliest days
Incline our hearts to love thy ways;
O let thy voice now reach our ear;
Speak, Lord, and let thy servants hear.

THE BIBLE.

P. M. 260

We'll not give up the Bible.

1 WE'LL not give up the Bible,
God's holy Book of truth;

The blessed staff of hoary age,
  The guide of early youth!
The sun that sheds a glorious light
  O'er every dreary road;
The voice that speaks a Saviour's love,
  And calls us home to God.

2 We'll not give up the Bible,
  For pleasure or for pain;
We'll buy the truth, and sell it not,
  For all that we might gain;
Though man should try to take our prize
  By guile or cruel might,
We'll suffer all that man could do,
  And God defend the right!

3 We'll not give up the Bible,
  But spread it far and wide,
Until its saving voice be heard
  Beyond the rolling tide;
Till all shall know its gracious power,
  And, with one voice and heart,
Resolve, that from God's sacred word,
  We'll never, never part!

C. M. 261

My Mother's Bible.

1 THIS book is all that's left me now;
  Tears will unbidden start.—

With faltering lip and throbbing brow,
I press it to my heart.
For many generations past,
Here is our family tree:
My Mother's hand this Bible clasp'd —
She, dying, gave it me.

2 Ah! well do I remember those
Whose names these records bear—
Who round the hearth-stone used to close
After the evening prayer,
And speak of what these pages said —
In tones my heart would thrill:
Though they are with the silent dead,
Here they are living still.

3 My father read this holy book
To brothers, sisters dear:
How calm was my poor Mother's look,
Who lov'd God's word to hear!
Her angel face — I see it yet!
What thronging mem'ries come!
Again that little group is met
Within the halls of home.

4 Thou truest friend man ever knew,
Thy constancy I've tried;
Where all were false, I've found thee true —
My counsellor and guide!

The mines of earth no treasures give
That could this volume buy;
In teaching me the way to live,
It taught me how to die.

INFANT CLASSES AND YOUNG CHILDREN.

7s and 7s. 262

Children's Hosanna.

1 CHILDREN of Jerusalem
Sang the praise of Jesus' name;
Children, too, of modern days,
Join to sing the Saviour's praise:
Hark! while infant voices sing
Loud hosannas to our King!

2 We are taught to love the Lord,
We are taught to read his word,
We are taught the way to heaven;
Praise for all to God be given:
Hark! while infant voices sing
Loud hosannas to our King!

3 Parents, teachers, old and young,
All unite to swell the song:
Higher, and yet higher rise,
Till hosannas reach the skies:
Hark! while infant voices sing
Loud hosannas to our King!

263

Love of Jesus.

1 LITTLE child, do you love Jesus?
Oh, how he loves!
Do you wish to go to heaven?
Oh, how he loves!
First of all, ask his forgiveness
With your heart, altho' quite helpless,
Jesus little children blesses:
Oh, how he loves! how he loves!
How he loves! how he loves!

2 He will listen to your prayer:
Oh, how he loves!
Feed you by his tender care:
Oh, how he loves!
He became a child just like you;
Here he suffered to redeem you;
And at last he died to save you:
Oh, how he loves, &c.

3 Trust him, he will ne'er forget you:
Oh, how he loves!
No, he never will forsake you;
Oh, how he loves!
None from his strong hand can pluck you;
His Almighty arm protects you;
Loving once, he ever loves you:
Oh, how he loves, &c.

8s and 7s. 234.

Vesper Hymn.

1 NOW we raise our infant voices,
We would, too, the strain prolong—
While both heaven and earth rejoices;
Hallelujah is our song!
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Amen.

2 Lo! the lofty heavens are bending—
Jesus hears the voice of praise
From our infant choir ascending,
Higher now our song we raise:
Hallelujah! &c.

3 Once did infants prove thy favour,
And were in thine arms entwined;
Oh, thou kind, indulgent Saviour!
Great Redeemer of mankind!
Hallelujah! &c.

6's and 2-8's. 285

1 LET infants early bring,
Hosannas to the Lord,
And little children sing,
In hymns of sweet accord:
To God alone all praise belongs,
Who loves to hear those infant songs.

2 Let youthful voices raise
Anthems of heavenly joy;
And with melodious praise,
Their tuneful harps employ:
To God alone all praise belongs,
Who loves to hear those youthful songs.

C. M. 286

God sees, hears, and knows me.

1 GOD is in heaven — can he hear
A feeble prayer like mine?
Yes, little child, thou need'st not fear:
He will attend to thine.

2 God is in heaven — can he see
When I am doing wrong?
Yes, that he can — he looks at thee
All day and all night long.

3 Forever blessed be his name;
No earthly love like his!
O may it draw our hearts to him,
And to the world of bliss.

4 There may we come at last to sing
In nobler strains his praise;
And join the little ones who stand
Before our Father's face.

6s and 5s. 287

God is Good.

1 MORN amid the mountains,
Lovely solitude,
Gushing streams and fountains,
Murmur — God is good.

2 Now the glad sun, breaking,
Pours a golden flood:
Deepest vales awaking,
Echo — God is good.

3 Hymns of praise are ringing
Through the leafy wood;
Songsters, sweetly singing,
Warble — God is good.

4 Wake, and join the chorus,
Child, with soul endued!
He whose smile is o'er us,
God, our God, is good.

C. M. 268

Early Consecration.

1 NOW that our journey's just begun,
Our road so little trod,
We'll come, before we further run,
And give ourselves to God.

2 And lest we should be ever led
Through sin's paths to stray,
We would at once begin to tread
In wisdom's pleasant way.

3 What sorrows may our steps attend
We never can foretell;
But if the Lord will be our friend,
We know all will be well.

6s and 6s. 269

Children Supplicating.

1 OUR Father, hallow'd be thy name,
The sweetest infant lips can frame,
We lift our prayer to thee;
Do thou the Holy Spirit send,
Our guardian, guide, instructor, friend,
And comforter to be.

2 Protect and lead our erring youth
In paths of piety and truth,
Nor ever let us stray;
But, through the Saviour's dying love
Bring us to dwell with thee above
In everlasting day.

P. M. 270

The Happy Land.

1 THERE is a happy land,
Far, far away,—
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day!
Oh how they sweetly sing,—
Worthy is our Saviour King:
Loud let his praises ring
For evermore!

2 Come to this happy land,
Come, come away;
Why will ye doubting stand?
Why still delay?
O we shall happy be,
When, from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with thee,
Blest evermore.

3 Bright in that happy land,
Beams every eye,
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.
O, then, to glory run;
Be a crown and kingdom won;
And bright above the sun,
Reign evermore!

C. M. 271

Children brought to Jesus.

1 YOUNG children were to Jesus brought,
His blessings to obtain;
And never was his blessing sought
By old or young in vain.

2 When his disciples would have sent
Those little ones away,
Jesus rebuked the harsh intent,
And kindly bade them stay.

3 "Let little children come to me,
Nor from my arms be driven;
For these, and such as these, shall be
The blessed heirs of heaven.

4 "Forbid them not to ask my grace,
Though with a feeble tongue;
Forbid them not to seek my face—
They cannot be too young."

S. M. 272

Come to Jesus.

1 COME to the mercy seat—
Come to the place of prayer;
Come, little children, to His feet,
In whom we live and are!

2 Come to your God in prayer—
Come to your Saviour now—
While youthful skies are bright and fair,
And health is on your brow.

3 Come in the name of Him
Who all your sorrows bore,
Who ever lives to pardon sin,
And will be sought by prayer.

THE FUTURE WORLD.

P. M. 273

Glory to God in the Highest.

1 AROUND the throne of God in heaven,
Thousands of children stand;

Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band—
Singing glory, glory, glory.

2 What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair—
Where all is peace, and joy and love?—
How came those children there,
Singing glory, glory, glory?

3 Because the Saviour shed his blood
To wash away their sin;
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean—
Singing glory, glory, glory.

4 On earth they sought their Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved his name;
So now they see his blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb—
Singing glory, glory, glory.

P. M. 274

The Land of Rest.

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest.
To mourning wand'rers given;
There is a joy for souls distress'd,
A balm for every wounded breast,—
'Tis found above—in heaven.

2 There is a home for weary souls
By sin and sorrow driven,
When toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
And all is drear but heaven.

3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
To brighter prospects given;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom—
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

C. M. 278

Preparation for Heaven.

1 O HAPPY land! O happy land!
Where saints and angels dwell;
We long to join that glorious band,
And all their anthems swell.
But every voice in yonder throng
On earth has breathed a prayer;
No lips untaught may join that song,
Or learn the music there.

2 Thou heavenly Friend! thou heavenly Friend,
O hear us when we pray;
Now let thy pard'ning grace descend,
And take our sins away.
Be all our fresh, our youthful days,
To thy blest service given;
Then we shall [illegible] to sing thy praise,
A season'd [illegible] in heaven.

276

The Bright World, far away.

1 TO that bright world where the Saviour has gone,
Far, far away—far, far away;
He has invited these children to come,
There, there to stay—there to stay—
Never to part as we part here below—
Never to suffer temptation or woe—
Never from Jesus their Saviour to go—
There, there to stay—there to stay.

2 Sweet are the flowers that bloom on that shore,
Far, far away—far, far away;
Sweet will it be when our brief life is o'er,
There, there to stay—there to stay;
Then, ere these children are summon'd to die,
Let them to heaven in gladness fly;
Thus be prepared for their home in the sky,
There, there to stay—there to stay.

2 Often we mourn for our friends that are gone,
Far, far away—far, far away;
Sighing,—we fear they may never return,
With us to stay—with us to stay;
But those who meet in the Saviour's sweet home,
Never—no! never, shall wearily roam;
Happy the day when the ransom'd shall come,
There, there to stay—there to stay.

C. M. 277

Rest for the Weary.

1 IN the Christian's home in glory,
There remains a land of rest,
There my Saviour's gone before me,
To fulfill my soul's request;
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for you,
On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the tree of life is blooming,
There is rest for you.

2 He is fitting up my mansion,
Which eternity shall stand,
For my stay shall not be transient,
In that holy, happy land:
There is rest, &c.

3 Pain nor sickness ne'er shall enter,
Grief nor woe my lot shall share,
But in that celestial centre,
I a crown of life shall wear.
There is rest, &c.

4 Death itself shall then be vanquished,
And his sting shall be withdrawn;
Shout for gladness, O ye ransomed,
Hail with joy the rising morn.
There is rest, &c.

5 Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glory:
Shout your triumph as you go;
Zion's gates will open for you,
You shall find an entrance through.
There is rest, &c.

278

Canaan.

1 OH! what has Jesus done for me?
He came from the land of Canaan;
He groan'd and died upon the tree,
That I might go to Canaan:
A glorious crown appears in view,
In that bright land of Canaan;
A palm of royal victory, too;
Come, let us go to Canaan:

Chorus—Canaan, bright Canaan,
The glorious land of Canaan;
O Canaan is a happy place,
Come, let us go to Canaan.

2 When I shall join that blessed throng,
In the glorious land of Canaan,
I'll sing the great Redeemer's song,
With happy saints of Canaan.
There Jesus sits upon his throne,
Exalted high in Canaan;
Inviting all his children home.
To dwell with him in Canaan.
Chorus—Canaan, &c.

279

No Night shall be in Heaven.

NO night shall be in heaven! no gath'ring gloom
Shall o'er that glorious landscape ever come;
No tears shall fall in sadness o'er those flow'rs,
That breathe their fragrance thro' celestial bow'rs.

2 No night shall be in heaven! no dreadful hour
Of mental darkness, or the tempter's power,
Across those skies no envious cloud shall roll,
To dim the sunlight of the raptured soul.

3 No night shall be in heaven. Forbid to sleep,
These eyes no more their mournful vigils keep;
Their fountains dried, their tears all wiped away,
They gaze undazzled on eternal day.

4 No night shall be in heaven — no sorrow's reign,
No secret anguish, no corporeal pain;
No shivering limbs, no burning fever there
No soul's eclipse, no winter of despair.

5 No night shall be in heaven — but endless noon;
No fast-declining sun, nor waning moon;
But there the LAMB shall yield perpetual light,
'Mid pastures green, and waters ever bright.

PRIVATE AND SOCIAL.

C. M. 280

Evening — Solitude.

1 I LOVE to steal awhile away
From every cumb'ring care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,

And all his promises to plead
Where none but God can hear.

3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,—
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

P. M. 21.1

Triumph.

JOYFULLY, joyfully, onward I move,
Bound for the land of bright spirits above;
Angelic choristers sing as I come
"Joyfully, joyfully hasten to thy home."
Soon, with my pilgrimage ended below,
Home to that land of delight will I go;
Pilgrim and stranger no more shall I roam,
Joyfully, joyfully resting at home.

2 Friends fondly cherish'd have pass'd on before;
Waiting, they watch me approaching the shore;
Singing, to cheer me through death's chilling gloom,
"Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home."
Sounds of sweet melody fall on my ear;
Harps of the blessed, your voices I hear!
Rings with the harmony heaven's high dome,
"Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home."

3 Death, with thy weapons of war lay me low;
Strike, king of terrors, I fear not thy blow;
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb:
Joyfully, joyfully will I go home.
Bright will the morn of eternity dawn;
Death shall be banish'd, his sceptre be gone;
Joyfully, then shall I witness his doom;
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

P. M. 282

Homeward Bound.

OUT on an ocean all boundless we ride,
We're homeward-bound, homeward-bound,
Toss'd on the waves of a rough restless tide,
We're homeward-bound, homeward-bound,
Far from the safe, quiet harbour we've rode,
Seeking our Father's celestial abode,
Promise of which on us each is bestowed,
We're homeward-bound, homeward-bound!

2 Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars,
We're homeward-bound, homeward-bound.
Look! yonder lie the bright heavenly shores,
We're homeward-bound, homeward-bound.
Steady, O pilot! stand firm at the wheel,
Steady, we soon shall outweather the gale,
O, how we fly 'neath the land-creaking sail,
We're homeward-bound, homeward-bound.

3 Into the harbour of heaven now we glide,
We're home at last, home at last.
Softly we drift on its bright silver tide,
We're home at last, home at last.
Glory to God! all our dangers are o'er,
We stand secure on the glorified shore,
Glory to God! we will shout evermore,
We're home at last, home at last.

MISSIONS.

P. M. 283

1 NOW be the gospel banner
In every land unfurl'd;
And be the shout Hosanna
Re-echoed through the world,
Till every isle and nation,
Till every tribe and tongue
Receive the great salvation,
And join the happy throng.

Now be the Gospel banner,
In every land unfurl'd;
And be the shout Hosanna
Re-echoed through the world.

2 Yes, thou shalt reign forever,
O Jesus, King of kings!
Thy light, thy love, thy power,
Each ransom'd captive sings;
The isles for thee are waiting,
The desert bears thy praise,
The hills and valleys greeting,
The song responsive raise.
Now be the Gospel banner,
In every land unfurl'd;
And be the shout Hosanna
Re-echoed through the world.

L. M. 334

Universal Praise.

1 FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends thy Word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

S. M. 285

Sow Beside all Waters.

1 SOW in the morn thy seed;
At eve hold not thy hand,
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,—
Broad-cast it o'er the land.

2 Thou know'st not which shall thrive,—
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious germ alive,
When and wherever strown.

3 And duly shall appear,—
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

4 Thou cannot not toil in vain:
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

8s and 7s. 286

Meeting for Charity.

1 LITTLE rain-drops feed the rill,
Rills to meet the brooklet glide;
Brooklets [illegible] divers rill;
Rivers [illegible] the [illegible].

2 So the dew-drops gather'd here,
Mites from willing childhood's hand,
Shall those streams of bounty cheer,
That with greenness clothe the land.

3 With that sea of love shall blend,
Which the gospel's grace doth pour,
And the name of Jesus send
E'en to earth's remotest shore.

S. M. 287

Love for Zion.

1 I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,—
The house of thine abode,—
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

2 I love thy Church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thine hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy,
I prize her heavenly ways;
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

CLOSING HYMNS.

S. M. 238

Sympathy and Mutual Love.

1 BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes;
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 From sorrow, toil and pain,
And sin we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

8s and 7s. 289

A Blessing Sought on Instruction Given.

1 HEAVENLY Father, grant thy blessing
On the teaching of this day;
That our hearts thy fear possessing,
May from sin be turn'd away.

2 Have we wander'd? O forgive us;
Have we wish'd from truth to rove?
Turn, O! turn us, and receive us,
And incline us truth to love.

L. M. 290

Lord Dismiss us.

1 ETERNAL Father, God of Grace!
Who dwellest in this holy place,
Hear us, O hear us, while we pray,
And send us not unblest away!

2 Look on us now, and bless us here;
We fain would worship in thy fear;
O be thy shadow round us spread,
O be thy Spirit on us shed.

3 Not many years our feet have run.
Yet hast thou watch'd them every one:
May all our future years be bright
With beams of heavenly love and light.

[illegible] life, and when we come to die,
Be thou our guardian ever nigh;
And may the pang that sets us free,
Waft every spirit home to thee.

7s. 291

Saviour, protect us.

1 FOR a season called to part,
Let us now ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.

2 Jesus, hear our humble prayer,
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep;
Let thy mercy, and thy care,
All our souls in safety keep.

3 What we each have now been taught,
Let our memories retain;

May we, if we live, be brought
Here to meet in peace again.

4 Then, if thou instruction bless,
Songs of praises shall be given:
We'll our thankfulness express,
Here on earth and when in heaven.

L. M. 292

Parting Hymn.

1 GUIDE of our youth, to thee we pray;
Help us to tread thy holy way;
And may each day of life be pass'd
As if we knew it were our last.

2 Smile, Lord, on those whose toil and care
Are spent for our instruction here;
And let our conduct ever prove
Our gratitude for all their love.

3 Through life may we perform thy will—
Our various duties all fulfill;
Then join the friends we here have known,
In nobler songs around thy throne.

P. M. 293

Parting Hymn.

1 COME, children, ere we part,
Bless the Redeemer's name.
Join every tongue and heart
To celebrate his fame.
Jesus the children's Friend,
Him whom our souls adore,
His praises have no end;
Praise him for evermore.

2 Lord, in thy grace we came—
That blessing still impart;
We meet in Jesus' name—
In Jesus' name we part.
Jesus, &c.

3 If here we meet no more,
May we in realms above,
With all the saints, adore
Redeeming grace and love.
Jesus the children's Friend,
Him whom our souls adore,
His praises have no end;
Praise him for evermore.

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